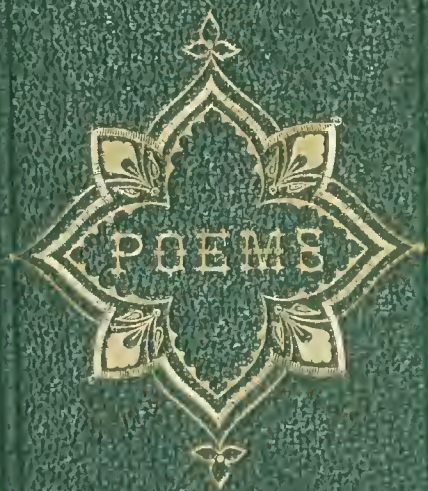
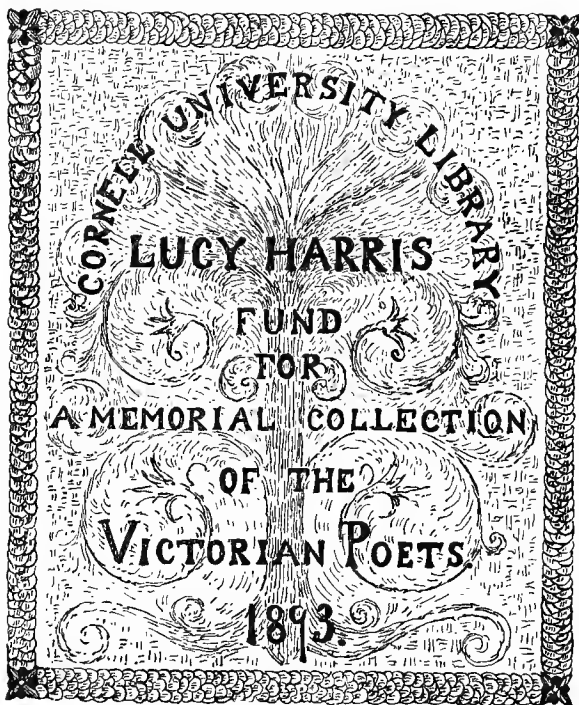




4699

E 96 M 6



A. 291 206

||X||4

Cornell University Library
PR 4699.E96M6

Miscellaneous poems.



3 1924 013 457 027



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

PR
4699
E 36 M6



PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. KEENE, DERBY

Yours very truly
Beetham Eyre

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

BEEBE EYRE.



LONDON :

BEMROSE AND SONS, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND DERCY.

MDCCCLXVI.

A.2 11206

PRINTED BY BEMROSE AND SONS, IRONGATE, DERBY.

P R E F A C E .

CHRISTIANITY is the minister of mercy—the commissioned angel from the throne of God. Her eye is intelligence and love, her breath is benevolence, and her boon immortality. She sanctifies every enjoyment, endears every relation, and softens every trial. She gladdens with her smile the cottages of the poor, and points the penitent and wretched to mercy and to heaven. Her balm is the blood of Jesus, and her consolations the promises of the Gospel, and the witness of the Holy Spirit. She makes the drunkard sober, the libertine chaste, the miser liberal, and the proud humble. She turns the abodes of wretchedness into tabernacles of rejoicing, and the habitations of cruelty into those of harmony and love. She disarms death of his sting, robes the grave with beauty, and opens to the true believer the gates of the celestial paradise. Wherever her gracious influence is experienced, the solitary place is made glad, and the wilderness of life blossoms as the rose.

The following Poems have been written in the very depths of adversity, and nearly all of them since the Author attained his fiftieth year. They embody not only the sentiments of his mind, but also breathe the sympathies of his heart, and afforded him both relief and consolation at the time of their composition.

The Author, therefore, would neither meanly court the smiles nor contemptuously disregard the frowns of critics, should critics notice them. Of the imperfections of his muse he is most deeply sensible, perhaps more so than any hypercritical reader can be. Had he possessed the genius of Shakespeare, the sublimity of Milton, the grandeur of

Young, the harmony of Pope, and the sweet simplicity and gracefulness of Cowper, he would have interwoven all these excellencies into a beautiful garland to have been gratefully presented at the shrine of revealed religion—that religion which has God for its author, the human heart for its seat, a crucified Saviour for its foundation, the Holy Spirit for its agent, holiness for its fruit, angels for its guardians, and heaven for its crown.

No doubt coincidence of thought, and even similarity of expression, with other poets—whose works the Author has read and admired—may sometimes be discovered, but he begs to assure the reader that these have been first embathed in his own heart, and naturally entwined themselves around his own thoughts. He hopes, therefore, that the candid critic will acquit him of sinful plagiarism, and give the praise of whatever is beautiful to the source whence it came.

But why publish them? Because the Author has been repeatedly and pressingly desired to do so by pious and intelligent friends, who have read some of them in our provincial journals, and think they breathe an unsectarian spirit, and are calculated to do more good collected into a volume than by mere insertion in the poet's corner of newspapers. Besides, they think that a generous public will patronise them, so that the Author, under his in some degree painful circumstances and advancing age,* may realise some permanent pecuniary benefit, as well as the refined and exalted pleasure of comforting others with the same consolation by which he himself has been comforted of God.

* The Author is now in his 74th year.

(COPY.)

12673.

TREASURY,

WHITEHALL, S.W.,

29 AUG., 1864.

SIR,

I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, to acquaint you that upon the recommendation of Viscount Palmerston, the Paymaster-General has been authorized to pay to you the sum of Fifty Pounds, as of Her Majesty's Royal Bounty.

In case it is inconvenient to attend personally at the Office of the Paymaster-General, that officer, upon application being made to him by letter, will cause a form of receipt to be furnished, which can be negotiated through a Banker.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

GEO. A. HAMILTON.

MR. BEEBE EYRE,
Derby.

INDEX.

	PAGE
A Poetic Reverie	1
The Fall and Recovery of Man	3
The Judgment of the Great Day	10
Time	21
Reflections on Creation, Providence, and Grace	24
On Happiness	27
Early Love	29
A Bridal Wreath	32
To Miss W.	33
The Reply	34
On the Marriage of the Princess Royal	34
" " " Prince of Wales	36
" " " J. B., Esq.	37
" " " Miss S. A. L.	38
" " " J. B. with Miss S.	40
On the Opening of the Crystal Palace, 1851	40
" Comet of 1858	43
" Exhibition of 1862	44
On Wesley	46
" John Howard	48
" Captain Hedley Vicars	50
" Rev. Theophilus Lessey	52
An Apostrophe to a Departed Wife	55
On the Death of Mr. S. F. C.	56
" " The Prince Consort	59
" " The Duke of Wellington	60
" " John Chambers, Esq.	61
" " William Evans, Esq.	63
" " Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.	65
" " " Jabez Bunting, D.D.	65
" " " J. G. Pike	66
" " " James Gawthorn	68
" " Mr. John Edwards	69

	PAGE
Stanzas	71
I think of Thee	72
Celestial Ministry	73
On the Death of George Milner, Esq.	75
„ Loss of Mr. H. J. Welch and his Cousin, Mr. J. H. Mellor, in the “Royal Charter”	76
On the Death of Miss E. S. Quail	78
„ „ Mr. C. Pratt	80
A Plea for the Poor	81
Stanzas	82
On Spring	84
„ Heaven	86
Lines on May	87
Friendship	89
A Birthday Poem	90
„ „	92
Stanzas	93
The Violet	95
Christian Hope	95
On the Deity	96
To Infidels	98
Jesus Christ, the Creator and Sustainer of all things	100
Faith, Hope, and Love	102
On the Death of Mr. W. F.	103
„ „ Miss M. A. H.	104
Sunrise	105
Sonnets—I. & II	106 & 107
The Rose	107
Amiability	108
To * * * *	108
The Anglican Church	109
Tideswell	112
St. Alkmund's New Church	114
St. Michael's Church	116
Wesleyan London Road Chapel	117
Clatsworth	118

INDEX.

Matlock	..
On the Death of Mrs. Collier	..
Matlock, by Mrs. Collier	..
Stanzas on Matlock.. .. .	..
A Birthday Poem	..
A Bridal Coronal	..
Dependance on God	..
The Poet	..
To Louisa A. Horsfield	..
"There's Nothing in Vain"—to Miss Eliza Cook ..	..
To J. C. Prince	..
„ Ruth Wills	..
„ L. M. Thornton	..
„ Authoress of "Poetic Thoughts in Working Hours"	..
„ Miss Farningham	..
Stanzas	..
To Rev. Elijah Jackson, Wesleyan Minister	..
„ Mrs. T., on her Birthday	..
On Miss R. W. T.'s Birthday	..
„ Seeing a Young Lady's Photograph	..
„ The Sudden Death of a Young Lady.. .. .	..
Stanzas	..
On the Death of Miss Fielding	..
„ „ Miss E. Mellor	..
A Birthday Wreath	..
Stanzas inscribed to S. D.	..
To Mr. and Mrs. H., on the Death of their First-born	..
On the Death of a Young Lady	..
To Mrs. N.	..
„ Mr. G.	..
The True Riches	..
On the Death of George Wilkins, Esq.	..
„ „ William Turner, Esq.	..
Stanzas	..
On the Death of James Wardle, Esq.	..
„ „ Mr. John Shelton	..

- On the Death of Mrs. German
- Tributary Verses to the Memory of a Lady
- The Journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan
- Stanzas on "I the Lord have spoken it"
- " 1862
- On the Death of Mr. Robert Wrigley, the Author's father-in-law
- Stanzas
- On the Congregational New Church, Victoria Street
- An Apology to Mrs. W.
- On the Opening and Dedication of the New Congregational
- Church, Victoria Street
- On the Congregational Chapel, London Road
- To a Lady, on the sudden Death of her only Daughter
- On the New Baptist Chapel, Osmaston Road
- To the Rev. H. Tarrant
- " " William Crosbie, M.A., LL.B.
- On the Death of an Amiable and Pious Lady
- " " Mr. John Bowring
- " " a Lady
- The Star of Hope
- To a Gentleman and Lady, on the Death of their only Child
- On the Death of a Lady
- An Elegy on the Death of Mrs. B.
- On the Death of Mr. John Cockayne
- " " Mr. John Richardson
- " " Mrs. P.
- To Mr. H.
- On the Anniversary of Mr. Foster's 102nd Birthday
- Russian Aggression on Turkey, 1853
- " "
- A Mother's Dirge, 1866
- The Mourner
- A Birthday Poem
- A Bridal Wreath, 1860
- " 1861
- To the Rev. J. Millar

INDEX.

An Invocation to the Holy Spirit	..
To the Rev. J. Kirk, and the Rev. W. Bond	..
To Mr. and Mrs. G., on the Death of Emma, their youngest Daughter	..
“The Bible: is it from God?” Stanzas to the Rev. W. Cooke, D.D	..
A Bright Day coming.... .. .	..
To H. E., Esq.	..
“The Land of my Fathers;” inscribed to Simeon Smithard, Esq	..
The Rose that will never Decay	..
On the Death of Mrs. Martha Eyre, the Author’s Mother .	..
To the Right Honorable Viscount Palmerston, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury	..
The Land of the Blest	..

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

- Abell, William, Brook Street, Derby.
Abney, Rev. E. H., The Firs, Derby.
Abrahart, William, London Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Adams, Henry, Esq., Wilmot Street, Derby.
Alcock, Hannah, Park Street, Derby.
Alcock, Elizabeth, Normanton Terrace, Derby.
Allen, J. W., Esq., Rotten Row, Derby.
Allsebrook, W. P., Bromsgrove.
Andrew, Rev. Samuel, Tideswell.
Anthony, John, York Street, Derby.
Archer, John, Tutbury.
Argyle, Miss, Parker Street, Derby.
Bailey, Abraham, 3, Midland Place, Derby.
Bailey, Mrs., Breadsall.
Bailey, Thomas, Albion Street, Derby.
Bailey, George, 37, Friar Gate, Derby.
Bainbridge, Thomas, Church Street, Derby.
Bainbridge, Robert, Burton-on-Trent.
Baker, Charles, Chellaston.
Bamford, John, Shardlow.
Barber, John, Esq., Derby. (2 copies.)
Barnes, B., St. Peter's Street, Derby.
Barker, Emma Jane, Bakewell.
Barker, S., Brick Street, Derby.
Basford, Harriet, Macklin Street, Derby.
Battelle, Eliza, Vernon Street, Derby.
Bemrose, Mr., Derby.
Bemrose, Henry Howe, Derby.
Bennett, Samuel, St. Peter's Street, Derby.
Bennett, Thomas, Uttoxeter Road, Derby. (2 copies.)
Bentley, Mrs., Barrow.
Beswick, George, Duffield Road. (4 copies.)
Bigsby, Robert, LL.D. (4 copies.)
Binns, William, Duffield Road, Derby.
Birkett, J., Clifton Street, Derby.

- Blane, Lady, The Pastures, Derby.
Bloor, Joseph, Queen Street, Derby.
Boam, Henry, Regent Street, Derby.
Boden, J., 91, Devonshire Street, Derby.
Boden, Robert, Esq., Surgeon, Smalley.
Boden, Miss, Morley.
Boden, Francis, Park Street, Derby.
Bond, Rev. William, Burlington Place, Carlisle.
Bowmer, William, The Chase, King's Lynn.
Bradley, Joseph, Esq., Forest Grove, Notts.
Branton, William, Esq., North Parade, Derby. (2 copies.)
Branton, Mrs., Bridge Street.
Brealey, H., Gerard St., Derby.
Brentnall, Charles, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby.
Brooksop, Rev. Samuel, Cromford.
Bromley, John, Esq., Church Street, Derby.
Brookes, Philip, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby.
Brookes, Samuel, Queen Street, Derby.
Brookhouse, Robert, Morledge, Derby.
Breome, Mrs. Elizabeth, Leicester.
Broomhead, J. E., 10, Wilmot Street, Derby.
Brown, William, Duffield Road, Derby.
Brunt, William, Esq., Osmaston Road, Derby.
Buckley, Charles, Crompton Street, Derby.
Cannell, Mr., Kirk Michael, Isle of Man.
Carter, J. L., Esq., Burton Road.
Cash, Mr., Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.
Catton, George, Queen Street, Derby.
Chadwick, Robert, Esq., Matlock-Bath.
Chadwick, William, Sacheverel Street, Derby.
Challinor, Josiah, Derby.
Chell, John, Parker Street, Derby.
Cholerton, Miss, Albion Street, Derby.
Chorley, W. D., Mill Street, Macclesfield.
Chrisholm, A., Nottingham.
Clarke, Rev. J., Erskine, Derby.
Clark, Maria, Parliament Street, Derby.
Clark, Henry, Friar Gate, Derby. (2 copies.)
Clayton, Marianne, Queen Street, Derby.

- Close, John.
 Cockayne, John, Abbey Cottage, Derby.
 Cockayne, Martha, Duffield Road, Derby.
 Coles, Mrs., London.
 Collier, George, Parliament Street, Derby.
 Collier, Samuel, Parker Street, Derby.
 Collier, John, Parliament Street, Derby.
 Collumbell, Edward, Garden Street, Derby.
 Cooling, Edwin, Derby.
 Cooling, Edwin, Jun., Derby.
 Cope, James, Wilmot Street, Derby.
 Copestick, T., Esq., Uttoxeter Road, Derby.
 Corbin, Thomas, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby.
 Coulson, George, Derby.
 Cox, W. T., Esq., M.P., The Hall, Spondon.
 Coxon, Mrs., Mickleover.
 Cramond, W., Esq., George Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
 Crewe, Sir J. H., Calke Abbey, near Derby. (4 copies.)
 Crosbie, Rev. W., M.A., LL.B., Derby.
 Crosby, Mrs., Kedleston Road, Derby.
 Currey, B. Scott, Esq., Derby.
 Daykin, Henry, Gerard Street, Derby.
 Darby, Henry, Esq., J.P., Derby. (2 copies.)
 Davenport, Mrs., Denby Old Hall.
 Dean, S., Osmaston Street, Derby.
 Denston, Joshua, Esq.
 De Soiza, Harriet, 39, Friar Gate, Derby.
 Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of. (4 copies.)
 Dooley, Charles, 18, Full Street, Derby.
 Dowty, Rev. John, M.A., Derby.
 Draycott, Mrs., Weston-under-Wood.
 Dunn, Bryan, Duffield Road, Derby.
 Dunnicliff, John, Esq., Town Clerk, Derby. (2 copies.)
 Dyche, Joseph, 51, Sitwell Street, Derby.
 Earp, Jabez, Tenant Street, Derby.
 Earp, George, Traffic Street, Derby.
 Earp, Mr. S., 24, Wilmot Street, Derby.
 Eastwood, Mrs., Duffield Road, Derby. (2 copies.)
 Eaton, George, Church Street, Derby.

- Eccleston, Henry, Esq., London. (4 copies.)
Eggleston, Matthias, Derby.
Ellis, E. C., St. Peter Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Elliston, W., South Parade, Derby.
Ellis, Mrs., Devonshire Arms, Matlock Bath.
England, Ellen, Henry Street, Derby.
Ensor, Edward, Gresley, near Burton-on-Trent.
Ensor, Thomas L., Woodville, ditto.
Etches, Mrs. E., Trinity Terrace, Derby.
Etches, W. Jeffery, Esq., Derby.
Evans, T. W., Esq., M.P., Allestree.
Evans, Samuel, Esq., Darley. (2 copies.)
Farrand, Mary, Trinity Terrace, Derby.
Finch, Rev. James, Leeds.
Fisher, John, Corn Market, Derby.
Fletcher, W., Kedleston Street, Derby.
Flewker, John, Esq., Grove Terrace, Derby.
Foley, Rev. E. W., Derby.
Forman, T. B., Esq., Derby.
Forman, Henry, Chellaston.
Forman, Frederick J., Derby.
Forman, J. R.
Freeman, Mary, Henry Street, Derby.
Frost, Thomas, Gerard Street, Derby.
Fryer, Joseph, Duffield Road, Derby.
Gamble, Charles, Sadler Gate, Derby.
Gamble, Edward, Esq., Grove Cottage, Derby.
Garbutt, William, North Parade, Derby.
Garbutt, John, London
George, Mr., Derby.
German, Mr., Asbborne Road, Derby.
German, Joseph, Esq., Friar Gate, Derby.
Gibbs, Thomas, South Parade, Derby.
Goddard, Miss, Matlock Bath.
Goodwin, Thomas, Gerard Street, Derby.
Greaves, Mrs. John, Shrewsbury Bank, Norfolk Road, Sheffield.
Greaves, Abraham, Ironville, near Derby.
Greaves, Joseph, Matlock Bath.
Gregory, Annie, Victoria Street, Derby.

Gregory, Samuel, Canal Street, Derby.
Hacker, John Heathcote, Esq., Leek.
Haakett, T., Kensington, Derby. (2 copies.)
Hall, Joseph, Marble Works, Derby.
Hancock, George, Lidiata, Bromsgrove.
Hancock, Thomas, Dale Abbey.
Handyside, A., Esq., Ashborne Road.
Hanson, Miss, Green Hill, Derby.
Hardy, W., 91, Devonshire Street, Derby.
Harding, W., Derby.
Harkness, J., Osmaston Road, Derby.
Harper, William, Esq., Wilson Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Harper, T. J., Duffield Road, Derby.
Harper, John, London Street, Derby
Harrington, Countess of, Elvaston Castle.
Harrison, Edward, Shot Tower, Derby.
Harrison, Robert T., Green Hill, Derby.
Haslam, William, St. Helen's Street, Derby.
Haslam, Mrs., Gayton, Staffordshire.
Haslehurst, Luke, Canal Street, Derby.
Haslem, John, Nottingham Road, Derby.
Haywood, E., King Street, Derby.
Hebb, Francis, Queen Street, Derby.
Hedley, John, Esq., Derby. (2 copies.)
Hedley, Edward, Osmaston Street, Derby.
Henchley, C., Derwent Meadows, Derby.
Henley, A. J., Esq., Friar Gate, Derby.
Hill, Matthew, Jun., Great Longstone, Bakewell.
Hilton, George, Derby.
Hobson, W., Esq., Duffield Road, Derby.
Hobson, J. A., Morledge, Derby.
Hodges, R. J., Corn Market, Derby.
Hogg, Mary Louisa, Peckham, London.
Holbrook, Frederick, Queen Street, Derby.
Holbrook, William, Wilson Street, Derby.
Hollis, Thomas, Friar Gate, Derby.
Holme, George, Esq., Corn Market, Derby.
Holmes, Mrs., King Street, Derby.
Holmes, James, Alvaston, Derby.

- Holmes, H. M., Esq., Derby.
Huish, John, Esq., Heanor Hall, Derby.
Humphreys, John, Duffield Road, Derby.
Hunt, Joseph, St. Peter's Street, Derby.
Hurd, William, Queen Street, Derby.
Hussey, Rev. Walter, Derby. (2 copies.)
Huss, Josiah, Parker Street, Derby.
Hyde, Rev. John, 9, Sacheverel Street, Derby.
Hyslop, Miss, Ashborne Road, Derby.
Jackson, Rev. Elijah, Bolton, Lancashire.
Jackson, Mr., Dyeworks, Nun's Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Jackson, John, 20, Osmaston Street, Derby.
James, James, Liversage Street, Derby.
James, Henry W., Derby.
Jewitt, LL., Esq., Derby.
Johnson, Edward, Osmaston Road, Derby.
Jones, Albert Joseph P., Derby.
Jones, R. A. R., Ashborne Road, Derby.
Jones, James, Derby.
Jones, Rev. W., Derby.
Jones, Joseph, Clerk to the Board of Health, Derby.
Jones, Mary, 9, Vernon Street, Derby.
Jewitt, LL., Jun., Derby.
Kerry, Joseph, Brook Street, Derby.
Keys, John, London Road, Derby.
Kirk, Rev. John, Pontefract.
Kirkland, Walter, Eastbourne.
Lackington, Miss, Derby. (2 copies.)
Lamplough, J. W., Derby. (2 copies.)
Langton, Miss, Loicester.
Lander, John, Brigg.
Latham, Rev. George, Liverpool.
Leech, Samuel, Esq., Derby. (4 copies.)
Longdon, Frederiek, Esq., Mayor of Derby.
Longdon, Mary, Full Street, Derby.
Longdon, M., Kedleston Street, Derby.
Longdon, Mr., St. Mary's Gate, Derby.
Longsdon, James, Esq., Longton.
Lucas, J. F. (2 copies.)

- Lyall, Rev. F. J., Derby.
Madeley, Thomas, Esq., Wilmot Street, Derby.
Marsden, George, 22, Normanton Road, Derby.
Marshall, Samuel, St. Alkmund's Churchyard, Derby.
Mart, William, Sitwell Street, Derby.
Martin, C. E., Queen Street, Derby.
Mason, John, 68, Osmaston Street, Derby.
Mason, S. H., Derwent Street, Derby.
Massey, Enoch, Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.
Massey, Sarah, King Street, Derby.
Mast, Charles, Corn Market, Derby.
Mawdesley, Mrs., Ramsey, Hunts.
Mawdesley, Miss, Ramsey, Hunts.
Mee, James, London Road, Derby.
Mellor, John, 40, Agard Street, Derby.
Mellor, J. M., Esq., Oldham.
Merchant, Thomas, Ockbrook.
Merwood, Rev. J., Derby.
Miles, Mr., Osmaston Street, Derby.
Mills, Henry, St. Peter's Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Mitchell, James, Pitsmoor School, Sheffield. (2 copies.)
Moore, Charles, Wilson Street, Derby.
Morris, Phœbe, Norton Grange, Stockton-on-Tees.
Morris, Ann, at Mrs. Pedley's, Vernon Street, Derby.
Mort, Mrs. Anne, Stafford.
Moseley, Henry, 26, Corn Market, Derby.
Moss, Miss, Derby. (4 copies.)
Needham, Mrs., Rose Hill, Derby.
Newbold, Thomas, Esq., Wardwick, Derby.
Newell, W. C., Old Uttoxeter Road, Derby.
Newsholme, Mrs., Haworth, Keighley.
Newton, Edward, Esq., Hardy House, Tideswell.
Norton, J. Davenport, Rose Hill, Derby.
Oliver, John, Derby.
Orme, William, Sadler Gate, Derby.
Owen, James, Esq., Kedleston Road, Derby.
Palmerston, Viscountess, London.
Part, J. C., 2, North Parade, Derby.
Peach, John, Brook Street, Derby.

- Peach, Robert, Esq., 28, Iron Gate, Derby.
 Peach, Mrs., Normanton, Derby.
 Peach, M. A., North Street, Derby.
 Peach, William, 26, Arboretum Street, Derby.
 Peach, Charles, South Terrace, London Road, Derby.
 Peach, Richard, Green Lane, Derby.
 Pegg, Robert, Esq., J.P., Derby. (4 copies.)
 Percival, S., St. Peter's Street, Derby.
 Pike, W. & W., Corn Market, Derby. (3 copies.)
 Pollard, A. W., Tenant Street, Derby.
 Potter, Annie, 30, Queen Street, Derby.
 Potter, George, 82, Canal Street, Derby.
 Pool, Matilda, 74, Friar Gate, Derby.
 Pratt, Edwin, Derby. (2 copies.)
 Price, Mrs., Littleover.
 Quail, Catherine, Kedleston Road, Derby.
 Radford William, Carrington Street, Derby.
 Radford, H. J., Shardlow.
 Ratcliff, Joseph, Corn Market, Derby. (2 copies.)
 Ratcliff, J., Esq., St. Peter's Chambers, Derby.
 Richardson, J. H., Ashborne Road, Derby.
 Richardson, T. N., 1, South Terrace, London Road, Derby.
 Richardson, John, Chellaston.
 Ritchie, J. M., 166, Islington Square, Liverpool.
 Robinson, Joseph Barlow, Derwent Street, Derby.
 Roe, Thomas, Esq., ex-Mayor, Derby. (4 copies.)
 Roe, Frederick, II, Bloomfield Place, Osmaston Road, Derby.
 Roper, Mrs., Sheffield.
 Rowley, John, Swadlincote.
 Rowley, Samuel, ditto
 Russell, Eliza, Mackworth.
 Ryley, John, Queen Street, Derby.
 Sale, Joseph, Esq., Derby. (4 copies.)
 Scarsdale, Lady, Kedleston Hall.
 Sears, J., Osmaston Road, Derby.
 Shackleton, James, 18, St. Peter's Street, Derby.
 Sharp, Thomas, Friar Gate, Derby.
 Shaw, W. T., Esq., Vernon Street, Derby.
 Shaw, M. A., Vernon Street, Derby.

- Shaw, William, Ednaston, near Derby.
Shaw, William, Western Bank, Derby.
Shepherd, John, Albion Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Sides, W. B., Winster.
Sims, Mrs. Maria, Vernon Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Simpson, LL., 1, Regent Street, Derby.
Smedley, Job, Jun., Matlock Bath.
Smith, Samuel, 53, Traffic Street, Derby.
Smith, John, King Street, Derby.
Smith, Alfred, Sacheverel Street, Derby.
Smith, John, Brassfounder, Derby.
Smith, John, Ambaston.
Smith, Thomas, Siddals Road, Derby.
Smith, Thomas, Chellaston.
Smith, W. Seth, North Parade, Derby.
Smith, Francis, Esq., Bank, Derby.
Smith, Joseph, Derwent Street, Derby.
Smithard, Simeon, Corn Market, Derby.
Sowter, Miss E., Kedleston Road, Derby.
Soresby, G. M., Brailsford.
Sparkes, William, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby.
Stendall, Sarah, Vernon Street, Derby.
Stenson, Thomas, Stockbrook Street, Derby.
Stevens, Jacob, Derby.
Stevenson, Anne L., North Parade, Derby. (3 copies.)
Stevenson, H., Rotten Row, Derby.
Stone, G. W., Bicester, Oxon.
Stone, Miss Anne, Bicester, Oxon.
Sutton, John, Duffield Road, Derby.
Tarrant, Rev. H., Sheffield.
Tatam, Mrs., Little Eaton.
Taylor, George, Esq., M.D., Derby.
Thompson, George, Derby.
Thompson, Frederick, West Terrace, Gerard Street, Derby.
Thompson, R. W., Church Street, Derby.
Thrutchley, Samuel, Iron Gate, Derby.
Tindall, Rev. Samuel, North Parade, Derby.
Tomlinson, John, Allestree.
Turpie, William, Esq., Derby.

- Turner, Ann, Litchurch, Derby.
Twells, John, Liversage Street, Derby.
Utterson, Rev. Ferris, Duffield Road, Derby.
Wall, John, 11, Park Street, Derby.
Walker, Rev. Joseph, Derby.
Walker, Thomas, Matlock Bath.
Walklate, James, Queen Street, Derby.
Walton, T. W., Macklin Street, Derby.
Ward, Thomas, Market Place, Derby.
Warrington, Miss, National School, Derby.
Webster, Robert, Traffic Street, Derby.
Wedge, M. C., Esq., Rose Hill, Derby.
Welbourn, Robert, Friar Gate, Derby.
Welch, Henry, Esq., Liverpool. (3 copies.)
Weston, John, King Street, Derby.
Wheeldon, G., North Parade, Derby.
Whiston, William, Esq., Sen., Derby.
White, Jeremiah, Park Street, Derby.
Whitaker, Samuel, Esq., Wilmot Street, Derby. (2 copies.)
Wilkins, William, Esq., North Parade, Derby.
Wilmot, Lady, Chaddesden Hall.
Willn, Mrs., Normanton.
Wilson, J. G., Esq., Alfreton.
Wilson, William, Queen Street, Derby.
Witton, Francis, H., Derby. (2 copies.)
Woodward, John, Henry Street, Derby.
Wood, Rev. William, St. Paul's Parsonage, Derby.
Woof, R., Esq., K.J.J., F.S.A., Town Clerk of Worcester. (2 copies.)
Woolley, Mrs. Joseph, Allestree.
Woolhouse, Mrs. E., 4, London Terrace, Derby.
Wright, Hannah, Brookfield, Hathersage.
Wright, Robert, St. Peter's Street, Derby.
Wright, Job, Tenant Street, Derby.

POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Poetic Reberie.

COME, Fancy ! your pinions of beauty unfold,
And you, loved Urania ! your plumage of gold,
Let us soar into regions untravell'd before,
And rival the poets from *Chaucer* to *Moore* ;
Or with marvels of genius so sweetly portray'd,
Throw the works of *Sir Walter* quite into the shade.
But stay, fair associates ! what road can we go,
The earth has been traversed, the firmament too—
Robert Pollok has sailed down the whole “ Course of Time,”
And *Milton* has sung what is truly sublime ;
And *Cowper* and *Heber* so sweetly have sung,
That far-distant shores with their praises have rung ;
And *Hemans* and *Landon** in numbers so pure
That their names and their works will for ages endure,
And the wreaths which entwine them in loveliness bloom
In defiance of death and the damps of the tomb ;
And *Barton* has sung with such pathos and glee
That few sprigs of myrtle remain on the tree ;
And the *Howitts* have carolled in woodnotes so sweet
That the garland of nature is laid at their feet.
And *Jane* and *Eliza*† the chords of their lyre
So sweetly have struck, 'tis in vain to aspire

* L. E. L.

† Jane Taylor, Eliza Cook.

To rival their varied and beautiful lays,
 Or pen an eulogium too strong in their praise.
 And *Ragg* on "the Deity" who can excel,
 Or reason in verse so sublimely and well?
 And while piety, poetry, sympathy breathe
 Thy name, belov'd *White*, will be twined with a wreath.
John Critchley Prince, in his "Hours with the Muses,"
 Embalms every song in the essence of roses—
 So enchants us with beauty, and charms us with sound,
 That we feel we are treading poetical ground.
 And *Bigsby* has sung in so martial a strain
 The fame of *Eliza* the Queen of the main,
 And the deeds of *Sir Francis* who circled the world
 With the flags of his country so proudly unfurl'd,
 That his soul-thrilling strains cannot fail to inspire
 And fan the pure flame of the patriot's fire,
 That England, the isle of the brave and the free,
 May still hold her rank as the Queen of the Sea!
 And the "*Pelican Island*" for ages will stand
 A proof of the genius that *Bard** could command,
 Whose mellifluous strains what harps can outvie,
 Excepting the beautiful harps of the sky!
 And the hymns of a *Wesley* and *Watts* will be sung
 Till the knell of the world's final doom shall be rung.

If Tartarean regions we seek to explore,
Homer, *Virgil* and *Dante* have been there before—
 E'en *Elysium* itself they have travelled quite through,
 And its fields and its heroes exposed to our view:

* James Montgomery.

The sun has been sung, and the moon and the stars,
 Rocks, mountains and caverns and castles and wars,
 The beasts of the field and the birds of the air,
 The fish of the sea and all the gems that are rare,
 And the trees, from the oak and the cedar so tall
 To the ivy that creeps up the mouldering wall, —
 Not a flow'ret bedecks the lone dell or the plain
 But has found in some poet a musical strain !

Come then, magic Fancy ! sit down at your ease,
 Nor torture invention for topics to please ;
 But you, loved Urania ! my bosom inspire
 That themes which are sacred may flow from my lyre
 Themes that will thrill the beatified soul
 While the wide-circling years of Eternity roll !

The Fall and Recovery of Man.

SAY, Christian friend, and is thy lot below
 To tread the thorny vale of grief and woe ;
 Does Injury goad, Affliction point her dart,
 And Disappointment vex thy feeling heart ?
 Does wave on wave in quick succession roll
 And almost loose the anchor of thy soul ?
 Do friends forsake, or coldly pass thee by,
 Nor heed the tear that glistens in thine eye ?
 Do Satan's darts thy tortured bosom tear,
 And fill thy soul with gloomy doubt and fear ?
 Has Death, that skilful archer, shot his dart,
 And left it rankling in the bleeding heart ?

And dost thou weep with lamentation sore,
 Because thy lovely daughter is no more ?
 “ Cut off in youth, when hope beguiles each hour
 With dreams of joy and Pleasure’s magic power.”
 Dim now her eye, and in the dust laid low,
 And pale her cheek, once tinged with beauty’s glow ;
 Cold is her heart which beat to friendship true,
 And motionless those limbs you loved to view.
 O cruel Death ! to pluck so sweet a rose,
 Which scarce had time its beauties to disclose.
 More cruel Sin ! which armed thee with thy power
 To pluck with icy hand the brightest flower,
 And change to putrid mass the human form,
 To make a banquet for the withering worm.

When man was first in Eden’s garden placed —
 Which all the beauties of creation graced —
 Wisdom divine illumed his spotless breast,
 Love sat enthroned, and conscience was at rest,
 His will was tractable, his temper mild,
 And heavenly converse all his hours beguiled.
 He walked with God, enjoyed a sky serene,
 No tempest lowered, no cloud obscured the scene :
 Life breathed in all fair Eden’s blissful bowers,
 The plants, the trees, the animals, the flowers ;
 And had man stood and kept his pristine state,
 Nor death had known, nor storms of adverse fate.

Sin is the fount whence bitter waters flow,
 The fruitful spring of every kind of woe.
 Sin entered heaven—the world of spotless light —
 And changed into a fiend a seraph bright.

Sin entered Eden, and its bowers of bliss
 Changed to a dark, waste, howling wilderness.
 Sin armed the lightning with its deadly power,
 Surcharged the clouds, and caused the thunders roar ;
 Sin gave to putrid air its poisonous breath,
 Engendered fever, pestilence, and death.
 Sin is the cause why earthquakes shake the land
 And cleave the solid ground on which we stand ;
 Sin heaves the mountain with convulsive throes
 And deluges the fields and plains below,
 O'erwhelms proud cities with volcanic fire—
 The instrument of God's indignant ire.
 Sin is the cause why clouds their torrents pour,
 And bury tracts of country—threatening more.
 Sin is the cause why briny ocean raves,
 And dashes with his high and foaming waves
 The stately vessel with tremendous shock
 Against the pointed reef or craggy rock.
 Pale meagre Famine, and War's dread alarms,
 The roar of cannon and the clash of arms,
 Fields drenched in blood with human reliques strewn,
 Whole navies sunk, vast kingdoms overthrown,
 The widow's wail, the orphan's flowing tear,
 And all the woes which mortals suffer here,
 And all the miseries of that dread abode
 Where spirits writhe beneath the curse of God,
 The piercing shriek, the adamant chain,
 The gnawing worm and everlasting flame—
 All are the fruit of that accursed thing
 Which fixed in man its deep envenomed sting,

Transfused its poison into every vein,
 And made his heart susceptible of pain ;
 And from his soul, which every virtue graced,
 God's beauteous image awfully defaced.

Is there no arm to rescue from its thrall ?
 No antidote for Sin's malignant gall ?
 No balm to cure its deep inveterate wound
 Within the compass of creation found ?
 O yes ! there is a balm for every woe
 That wrings with grief the heart of man below ;
 A sovereign balm, an antidote to cure
 The numerous ills which fallen men endure.

Before the birth of time or ere the sun —
 That splendid orb—his destined course begun ;
 Before the moon her silver lustre shed,
 Or ere the earth her verdant carpet spread ;
 Before the stars that cheer the moonless night
 Displayed their brightness to the human sight,
 God saw that man would fall and plunge his race
 In guilt, in sorrow, and in deep disgrace.
 His bowels yearned for weak apostate man,
 And hence arose Redemption's wondrous plan.
 A plan in which His attributes complete
 In their whole round of rays divinely meet :
 A plan which fills archangels with amaze,
 And gives to seraphs' tongues their sweetest lays :
 A plan too high for angel-minds to soar,
 So deep they cannot fathom, but adore.

That cheering promise which Jehovah made —
 "The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head,"

Inspired with humble hope the guilty pair,
 Assuaged their anguish and allayed their fear
 When banished Eden, and condemned to go
 And till the ground and bear the curse of woe.

After four thousand years had winged their flight,
 And men were sitting in the shades of night,
 The Uncreated Star of heaven appears,
 To patriarchs promised, and foretold by seers ;
 To chase the gloom of hellish night away,
 And turn our darkness into gospel day ;
 To heal the wounds inflicted by the fall,
 And be a sovereign balm of life for all.

Let us now view with grateful wond'ring eyes
 That radiant Orb upon our world arise.
 Messiah comes ! but where his stately throne ?
 His splendid equipage, His golden crown ?
 Where are his posts of honor to bestow,
 And mighty armies to subdue the foe ?
 Does he appear with thousands by his side
 To raise the Jew and quell the Roman's pride ?
 Ah, no ! a servant's form he meekly wears,
 No earthly grandeur in our sight appears,
 The Lord of earth and Sovereign of the skies,
 A weeping infant in a manger lies !
 Though at his plastic mandate worlds arose,
 And at his fiat time itself shall close ;
 Though rich in all the attributes of God,
 And all the glories of heaven's bright abode,
 His passage through our world was pain and woe,
 A man of sorrows and of griefs below.

For us he bore the Jews' malignant scorn,
 For us his head was houseless and forlorn,
 For us with weary step the cross he bore,
 For us he bathed it with his purple gore,
 For us his head was crowned with twisted thorn,
 For us his limbs were pierced, transfixed, and torn,
 That we might taste of joys which never pall
 His lips were wet with vinegar and gall ;
 For us he rent the air with plaintive cry —
 " Eli ! Eli ! lama sabachthani !"

In him stern Justice sheathed her awful blade,
 On him the guilt of all mankind was laid ;
 Beneath our curse he bowed his sacred head,
 T' atone for sin the Great Creator bled.
 The sun, alarmed to view the awful sight,
 Withdrew his rays and wrapt the world in night ;
 Rocks rent, the temple's vail in sunder broke,
 Earth heaved a groan and to her centre shook.
 For us he closed the mouth of Hell's abyss,
 For us he ope'd the gates of endless bliss.
 He drew the sting of Death, perfumed the grave,
 And rose on high a sinful world to save.
 O love divine ! unparalleled ! supreme !
 Be thou my solace and my constant theme :
 And may earth's teeming race thy virtues prove,
 And bathe their spirits in this sea of love.

Now to the eye of Faith a scene appears
 Undimmed by griefs, and unbedewed with tears,
 A blissful world of harmony and peace,
 Where all the conflicts of this life shall cease ;

A safe asylum, refuge, and repose
 From mental anguish and earth's bitter woes ;
 A world of spotless purity and rest,
 With God's unclouded presence ever blest.
 That heavenly Eden sin shall ne'er destroy,
 Nor mingle poison with its cup of joy ;
 No wily serpent lurks beneath the flowers
 That bloom immortal in its fragrant bowers ;
 " There love sincere and boundless friendship rules ;
 No friends that change, no glowing love that cools,
 There rising floods of sacred knowledge roll,
 And pour and pour upon the deathless soul."*
 Radiant with mercy on a sapphire throne,
 Sublimely sits God's Everlasting Son,
 And many crowns his princely head adorn,
 Which once was circled with the twisted thorn.
 " Five bleeding wounds " † His sacred body bears,
 For still our nature in that world he wears ;
 But from those scars refulgent glories blaze,
 And fill all heaven with their golden rays.

In that bright world your daughter now appears,
 Unclothed of earth, a crown of life she wears,
 Decked in a vesture whiter than the snow,
 Washed from its stains in Jesu's blood below.
 To living fountains now her Saviour leads,
 And on the tree of life she fearless feeds,
 Drinks heavenly knowledge from the fount of truth,
 And plucks the roses of unfading youth.

* Cotton's Visions. † Wesley.

Pure as the "crystal vase" from whence they flow,
 Her joys nor end nor interruption know.
 With glowing seraphs and with cherubs bright,
 And spirits of the just enrobed in white
 She holds sweet converse, treads the heavenly plains,
 And tunes her harp to their immortal strains ;
 With rapturous eye she views the sapphire throne,
 And casts at Jesus' feet her starry crown ;
 Basks in His love's refulgent cloudless ray,
 And triumphs in the bliss of endless day !

May 5th, 1844.

The Judgment of the Great Day.

BOOK I.

WHILE some have sung of deeds by heroes done,
 Of armies slaughtered, and of battles won,
 Of laurels gained by many a glorious scar,
 The pride of monarchs and the pomp of war ;
 And others sung with melody of soul
 The purple vine, and wreathed the flowing bowl ;
 And others sung gay fictions, airy themes,
 And decked their flowing verse with golden dreams ;
 And others sung the patriot's honoured name,
 Whose love of country formed his wreath of fame—

Far nobler themes demand from me a song,
 Themes worthy seraph's or archangel's tongue ;
 With trembling hand I touch the poet's lyre,
 And sing the Day of Judgment and of ire !

See issuing from the skies, a seraph form
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandalled with the storm,
 A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head ;
 Sublime he towers, keen terror arms his eyes,
 He grasp the reddening bolt that rends the skies :
 One foot stands firmly on the extended plain
 Secure, and one repels the bounding main.
 He shakes his arm—the lightning bursts away,
 Through heaven's dark concave gleams the paly ray ;
 Roars the loud bolt tremendous through the gloom,
 And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
 Now to his lips the mighty trump applies,
 The lightnings cease, the muttering thunder dies,
 While all th' involving firmaments rebound,
 And hell's dark caves re-echo back the sound.
 So shrill the blast it fills all Hell with dread,
 And rouses Satan from his fiery bed ;
 Transforms the living in a moment's space,
 And wakes to bliss or woe all human race.
 The deep damp vault, the rustic's humble grave,
 The mausoleums of the base or brave ;
 The battle-field which, drenched with human gore,
 Year after year the waving harvest bore ;
 The gloomy catacomb, and briny deep,
 Beneath whose waves so many millions sleep,

The crowded cemetery and princely tomb,
 Disgorge at once the relics of their womb.
 Say not, How can this be? the self-same power
 That formed at first can easily restore.
 Shall Spring renew the verdure of the earth,
 And man for ever sleep, the prey of death;
 Th' unsightly worm a chrysalis become,
 And during winter sleeping in its tomb,
 When Spring arrives, with gaudy plumes arise
 To sip the flowers, and bask in sunny skies;
 And shall man's frame, that wondrous work of God,
 Perish for ever 'neath the trodden clod?
 Oh, no! the power that lit the blazing sun
 And all the stars that in their courses run,
 That guides the comet on its trackless way,
 And knows each atom in the solar ray;
 That rules the whirlwind, tints the rainbow's dyes,
 And wheels the planets through cerulean skies,
 That into being spoke this verdant earth—
 Shall give to human dust a second birth,
 "Whether it lay for ages undecayed
 Deep in the rock or clothed some smiling mead,
 Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew,
 Or tinged the sapphire with its lovely blue;"
 Or in the caverns of the deep entombed,
 Or by the element of fire consumed,
 Or by the fierce and howling tempest driven,
 Dispersed and scattered by the winds of heaven;
 All, all shall hear, the call of God obey,
 And universal death unbind his prey.

On this Great Day, for which creation rose,
 This day on which all other days shall close,
 This day which shall unveil the wondrous plan
 And mysteries deep of Providence to man—
 The azure mantle that infolds the world,
 By strength omnipotent shall then be furled ;
 The golden chariot of the sun be stayed,
 Chaotic night his radiant disc invade ;
 The silver moon her borrowed light refrain,
 While drops of blood her sullen orb distain ;
 Prodigious comets throw a lurid glare,
 And meteors rush across the darkened air
 From murky clouds the swelling tempests pour,
 Red lightnings blaze and vollied thunders roar ;
 Time's mighty scythe in shattered fragments lie,
 And Death on his own poisoned arrow die ;
 The circling heavens be shrivelled as a scroll,
 And Earth no longer on her axis roll ;
 Tabor and flowery Carmel prostrate lie,
 And Lebanon no longer tower on high ;
 Even Etna rock, and with a deafening groan
 Sink in a flame more dreadful than her own ;
 Old Ocean rise, and with terrific roar
 Burst the vast boundaries of his ancient shore ;
 Towns, cities, kingdoms in combustion lie
 And spiry flames ascend and touch the sky,
 Wide and more wide the fiery deluge spread,
 Majestic Atlas bow his hoary head,
 The Alps the Andes sink beneath the wave,
 And bellowing find an everlasting grave !

“Some angel say, where ran proud Asia’s bound?
 Or where with fruits was fair Europa crowned?”
 Where spacious China? where famed “India’s store
 Sparkling in diamonds and her golden ore?”
 Where vine-wreathed France? where loved Britannia’s
 isles,

Blessed with fair Science and Religion’s smiles?
 Where pantheon’d Rome, the seat of arts and laws?
 Where Athens with her thunders of applause?
 “Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolved one fiery deluge flow.”

To every human eye shall then appear—
 As long foretold by many a holy seer—
 The Son of God, possessed of matchless might,
 Throu’d in a car of uncreated light,
 Arrayed in robes of deep impurpled dye,
 Streaming with glory through the vaulted sky,
 While orient beams their pointed radiance shed
 To crown with light ineffable his head,
 And round those temples, once entwined with thorn,
 The diadem of Deity be worn.

Oh! how unlike the babe in Bethlehem born,
 The Man of Sorrows, penury, and scorn;
 Once ranked among the meanest of the earth,
 Within a manger cradled at His birth,
 Who bore serenely mild the priesthood’s frown,
 The mocker’s insult, and the thorny crown,
 The Galilean—whom in vanquished tone
 Th’ apostate Julian was forced to own.*

* The Roman Emperor Julian, a determined enemy of Christianity, was mortally wounded in a war with the Persians. In this condition, we are told that he filled his hand with blood, and casting it into the air, said, “O Galilean, thou hast conquered.”

Ah me, how changed, how splendid now the train
 Of him who once on Calvary was slain ;
 Cherubic hosts on golden pinions fly,
 Filling the concave of the azure sky,
 Ready His sovereign mandates to obey
 And grace the triumphs of this awful day.

BOOK II.

LET Contemplation now stretch forth her wing
 And paint before the mind the day I sing,
 On Faith's strong eagle pinions let her soar
 And view the scenes that rise when time's no more.
 Methinks I see the Judge enthroned on high,
 Encircled by the armies of the sky ;
 Methinks I see the saints of God arise
 With radiant forms, and tread empyreal skies ;
 Methinks I see the wicked burst the tomb,
 And shriek with horror at approaching doom ;
 Methinks I see unnumbered millions stand
 In breathless silence now on either hand
 Of the Omniscient Judge, whose piercing eye
 Doth every movement of each soul descry ;
 Methinks I see the Book whose leaves unfold
 The vast transactions of our fallen world,
 The thoughts, the words, the deeds of every man
 Of every age and place since time began.
 Tremendous crisis ! now the book's unsealed,
 And every crime to every eye revealed.
 How different now does every thing appear
 To what it did in yonder burning sphere !

See the poor Christian, who through many a flood
 Of tribulation passed to see his God,
 Who felt a peace the world could ne'er destroy,
 A hope that blossomed with immortal joy,
 Now borne on seraph's pinions to the throne,
 Receives at Jesu's hands a starry crown ;
 While the rich worldling drags a galling chain,
 Stung with remorse and racked with keenest pain,
 Beholds his golden idol melt in fire,
 Himself exposed to Heaven's eternal ire.

Radiant amid the Just, like stars, more bright
 'Midst glowing *nebulæ* of stellar light,
 See Wesley, Whitfield, Howard, friends of earth,
 And glory of the land that gave them birth ;
 With hearts enkindled by the love of God
 They closely in the Saviour's footsteps trod,
 No vain distinctions made of rank or blood,
 But sought to do the poorest outcast good.
 Lone dungeons entered where by bars confined,
 And galled with chains the wretched culprit pined ;
 Braved foul contagion in its deadliest shade •
 To lend afflicted man their friendly aid ;
 Th' ignorant taught heaven's own appointed way,
 And sought the wanderer who had gone astray—
 Invited near the throne to take their place,
 And hailed the benefactors of their race,
 Are crowned with joy and clothed with robes divine,
 Whose brilliancy the solar orb outshine :
 While the vain man who sought the bubble—Fame,
 And bathed his sword in blood to gain a name,

Who ravaged kingdoms, rightful sovereigns chained,
 And history's page with legal murders stained—
 Now dragged before th' inexorable bar
 Stript of his robes and mad Ambition's car,
 He shivering stands before the judgment seat,
 The terrors of Jehovah's frown to meet.

See, now with pious potentates appear
 Some who to British hearts were once so dear ;
 Their shining aspect and majestic air
 Add lustre to the diadems they wear.
 With these the immortal Alfred takes his place ;
 With these our pious Edward moves with grace ;
 With these our George called to the Judgment Seat,
 Devoutly lays his crown at Jesu's feet ;*
 With these we hope Victoria will be seen
 Like a bright star, benignant and serene.

See the oppressive Man, whose cruel hand
 Despoiled the widow and her orphan band,
 Who crushed the helpless poor with lordly might,
 And turned aside the stranger from his right.
 Now shall the wretch be made to feel the smart
 Of every pang he gave the widow's heart,
 And every tear wrung from the orphan's eye
 Louder than thunder shall for vengeance cry,
 And fill with keen remorse his guilty soul,
 And deeper sink him in the burning pool.

* At his Coronation, George III., when he received the Sacrament, asked the Archbishop of Canterbury if it were not proper to take off his crown during the celebration of that sacred ordinance. His Grace hesitated to answer. The King immediately removed it, and placed it beside him until that part of the ceremony was concluded.

While holy Job and all those saints of God
 Who bowed submissive to his chastening rod—
 Who, when their earthly sun with splendour shone,
 Spurned not the poor, nor ate their bread alone,
 Nor with unkindness, hard and cold disdain,
 Slighted a brother suffering mental pain ;
 But soothed the stranger's mind by grief oppressed,
 And with a friendly hand his wrongs redressed,
 Cheered the lone widow's heart with accents mild,
 And like a father fed the orphan child,
 Bade the rough storm of rude misfortune cease
 And Sorrow's bed became the couch of peace—
 Now stand with joy before the Judgment Throne,
 Each head encircled with a jewelled crown.

See the gay man, who, unappalled with fear,
 Rejoiced to wring from innocence a tear ;
 And by indulging an unhallowed flame,
 Enwrappt the spotless in a robe of shame ;
 Now doomed to feel the poignant stings of woe,
 And writhe in surging flames of wrath below ;
 While every soul lost through his guileful art
 Plunges a burning dagger in his heart .
 But those who, pious, modest, and sincere
 Like Joseph—once to Jacob's heart so dear,
 Indignant spurned each base and foul desire,
 And scorned to cherish an unholy fire,
 Are clothed in garments of the purest white,
 And crowned with wreaths of never-fading light.

See the vast crowd of persecutors come,
 Ghastly and pale, to meet their final doom ;

Their minds long trained dire engines to invent
 To torture those no guile could circumvent ;
 They searched the forest and the lonely glen
 Like savage beasts, to mangle holy men ;
 The torturing rack and fiercely raging fire,
 And every scheme Hell's cunning could inspire,
 With fiend-like cruelty this serpent brood
 Employed to annihilate the Church of God.
 But notwithstanding every barbarous deed,
 The martyr's blood became the Church's seed :
 She, like the phoenix, from her ashes rose
 And triumphed o'er the bitterest of her foes.
 With trembling limbs and deep convulsive groan
 These men now hear their sentence from the Throne,
 " Bring those my foes who did my people slay,
 Bind hand and foot, and take them hence away
 And cast into the lake of quenchless fire
 The ruthless host, to feel my vengeance dire :
 Be this their doom !" The Judge Eternal frowns,
 And Hell to her remotest cavern groans.
 But the brave men, whose blood they shed below,
 Clad in white robes pure as the mountain snow,
 Now hear from Him who sits upon the Throne,
 The thrilling plaudit, " Faithful souls, ' Well done ! ' "

Lo ! Infidels appear, a numerous host,
 Who in licentious freedom made their boast,
 Reason adored, revealed Truth denied,
 Laughed at hell-fire, and God Himself defied,
 Called Christianity a priestly scheme,
 And Immortality an idle dream,

Spurned sacred ties, fanned every brutal flame,
 Wallowed in crime, and gloried in their shame,
 Ate, drank, and sung, till Death himself revealed
 The mighty secret—and their fate was sealed.
 Fain would they now in gloomy caverns hide,
 Be crushed by rocks, or sink in ocean's tide—
 But caverns, rocks, and seas refuse their aid ;
 Exposed they stand, by every eye surveyed,
 Palsied with terror at the Judge's frown ;
 Speechless they hear their sentence from the Throne,
 " Depart, ye cursed ! and share with fiends below
 The bitter cup of never-ending woe !"

That hell they laughed at as an empty name
 Now opes its jaws and belches sulph'rous flame ;
 Down, down they sink, while wrathful vials pour,
 Red lightnings blaze, and pealing thunders roar.
 But those who humbly heavenly light implored,
 Revered their God, and searched his sacred Word ;
 Sought not to fathom mysteries sublime.
 Beyond the grasp of finite minds in time ;
 But cordially embraced what God revealed,
 Believed in Christ and felt their pardon sealed,
 Washed in the fountain of atoning blood,
 And brightly bore the impress of their God,
 Unmoved the scoffs of infidels sustained,
 And firm till death their faith and love retained—
 Now stand with placid brow and dauntless mien,
 And view with joy the Judge's brow serene ;
 While sweeter than the music of the spheres
 His voice benignant thus salutes their ears—

"Ye blessed, come ! your crowns unfading wear,
 The bliss and glory of my kingdom share ;
 For this I left the skies to dwell below,
 For this I drank the bitter cup of woe,
 For this the spear—with reeking purple dyed—
 Ope'd a wide wound and lodged within my side,
 For this betrayed, forsook, denied, I stood
 And bathed the cross with sacrificial blood :—
 Enter the realms of purity and love,
 And take possession of your thrones above !"

But ah ! what pen can trace or mind portray
 The dark or glowing scenes of that great day,
 When deeds concealed behind the veil of night,
 As with a sunbeam shall be brought to light ;
 When all the movements of the human mind,
 And all the motives that the will inclined,
 And every secret thing shall be made known
 To listening worlds around the Judgment Throne !

Time.

JANUARY 1st, 1855.

HAIL fleeting Time ! thou offspring of the womb
 Of vast Eternity ! Momentous span !
 Not known thy value till we reach the tomb,
 Despis'd, neglected, by unthinking man.

Revolving seasons show thy rapid flight,
 Thy course is swifter than the fleeting wind,
 Thy speed exceeds the darting rays of light,
 Or rapid movements of the human mind.

But time though swift, and life a transient day,
 How much is sacrificed at folly's shrine,
 What precious hours are squandered, thrown away,
 How few improve what all must soon resign !

Death's poisoned arrows every moment fly :
 Here sink the humble, there the titled great—
 Here groan the wicked, there the righteous lie—
 And here the lovely meet untimely fate.

Nor youth, nor age, nor coronets, nor thrones,
 Nor scientific skill, nor wealth, nor power,
 Nor beauty's tears, nor infant's bitter moans,
 Can death arrest, or stay life's fleeting hour.

When the fierce tempest howls along the skies,
 The plant, the tree, alike must feel the stroke ;
 The fragrant rose, the modest lily dies,
 Nor can his ivy shield the sturdy oak.

The voice of eloquence and just renown,
 The brightest genius and the noblest form,
 All shrink at Death's cold touch, and moulder down—
 The dust their bed, their retinue the worm !

The cheeks that with the richest crimson glow,
 Time's breath will sweep of all their lovely dye ;
 The active limbs, the finely polished brow,
 And feeling heart in Death's cold cell must lie.

And what avails the marble sculptured tomb,
 The "storied urn, or animated bust ?"
 Time's tooth devours, they sink into the womb
 Of dark oblivion and return to dust.

What can withstand the gnawing tooth of Time ?
 The pyramid will waste, the rock decay,
 The mightiest works which man has reared sublime,
 Yea, earth itself will one day pass away !

Time's hand will pluck the sun from yonder sky,
 Unrobe the moon, and quench the lamps of night ;
 But man's unearthly part will never die—
 'Twill writhe in hell, or shine in heaven's pure light.

To save the soul and wash its stains away,
 The uncreated Son of God came down,
 His Deity enshrined in human clay,
 And for the life of man gave up his own.

O life, how brief thy span ! thy worth, how great !
 Probation's golden day !—the key of heaven !
 Reader, its value know, thy work complete,
 And bless the hour that life to thee was given.

All may obtain who ask in Jesu's name
 The promised pardon to believers given ;
 None need despair, the worst may humbly claim
 The seal of mercy and the hope of heaven !

Reflections on Creation, Providence, and Grace.

THERE are persons upon whom sensible objects make little impression. They seem to journey through life without observation. They plod on unmoved, unattracted, unedified. They receive no accession to their knowledge : they gather no wisdom from either the face of nature, or the dispensations of Providence. Others, again, are all eye to observe, and all heart to feel. The summer-insect cannot stretch its gossamer wing unmarked ; and they watch the changing hues of the expanded gauze, shifting beneath the sunbeam with unspeakable delight. The blossom cannot flourish or fade, without attracting their notice, and conveying to them instruction. The whole face of the creation presents moral lessons ; the entire and varied career of Providence enriches their experience, and constantly augments their mental stores.

THE material world which now we inherit,
 Presents many scenes that are grand to the eye,
 The bright orb of day oft enraptures our spirit,
 And we gaze with delight on a golden-fleeced sky.

The moon when she sheds her chaste silvery ray
 O'er mountain and valley oft gladdens our sight,
 And we gaze on the stars which such glory display,
 And spangle the heavens at the noon of the night.

We are charmed with the forms of grandeur below,
 The forests that wave and the oceans that roll ;
 The towering rock with its dark frowning brow,
 And the valleys that sweep, fill with wonder our soul.

We are pleased with the simplest flower that grows,
 The snowdrop, the crocus, the daisy we greet ;
 We admire the pure lily, sweet violet, and rose,
 And gaze on the beauties outspread at our feet.

When we walk through the grove, the gay chorister throng
 With their warbling notes inspire us with joy,
 And we listen enraptured to Philomel's song,
 And are charmed with the lark when he carols on high.

O, yes, there is much in creation to charm
 The eye and the ear, and enliven the heart ;
 While we ponder and gaze our affections grow warm,
 And sadness and gloom from our bosoms depart.

But why do the scenes of creation inspire
 Such feelings, and cause such a ravishing glow ?
 Because we reflect on their Maker and Sire,
 Whose being so clearly to mortals they show.

His name we in letters of gold on the sky,
 Inscribed by His finger, adoringly see,
 And His wisdom and power "emblazoned on high,
 We trace in each flower and behold in each tree."

And when the rude tempest ascends his bleak throne,
 And throws his dark mantle all over the sky—
 When the sun is eclipsed which so brilliantly shone,
 And deep thunders mutter and red lightnings fly—

We listen with awe to the voice of the Lord,
 Who rides on the whirlwind and rules in the storm ;
 And we think of His mercy and covenant word,
 When the rainbow appears with its beautiful form.

In the volume of Scripture His goodness has given,
 And written by men whom His Spirit inspired,
 We clearly discern a bright pathway to heaven,
 And our hearts for the boon are with gratitude fired.

In this volume, we learn, at His fiat arose
 The sun and the moon and the stars and the earth ;
 And bright are the scenes which its pages disclose
 When He garnished our globe and to creatures gave birth

In this volume we learn the creation of man,
 His original bliss, his sin, and his fall,
 How Jehovah contrived redemption's bright plan,
 And offers salvation and heaven to all.

If bright, then, the sun with his orient beams,
 And bright the fair moon in her silvery car—
 If bright be the earth with her mountains and streams,
 And bright the blue sky and each glittering star—

If bright be the truths which the Bible displays,
 And sweet be the bliss to believers now given,
 What splendours surpassing will burst on the gaze
 Of beatified saints in the kingdom of heaven !

Then my harp I will tune to the Saviour I love,
 Creation admire and the Bible revere,
 Till in loftier tones I can sweep it above,
 And saved through His grace in His presence appear

On Happiness.

COME, sacred Muse, expand thy wing,
 Let 's search creation round,
 Where can the lovely angel form
 Of happiness be found ?

Ye smiling fields, ye crystal springs,
 Ye flowers that deck the plains,
 Can happiness for guilty man
 Be found in your domains ?

Is pardon written on the sky,
 Or wafted by the breeze,
 Or sweetly carolled by the birds
 That sing among the trees ?

When *Science* lighted up her torch,
 And poured a flood of day
 Upon the *Eastern* world, there shone
 Not one redeeming ray.

Though thirty thousand deities
 Were in her temples piled,
 Not one of all the multitude
 With radiant mercy smiled.

Wealth cannot buy true peace of mind,
 Nor heal a broken heart,
 Nor turn aside the stroke of Death,
 Nor blunt his fated dart.

Fame is a brief, uncertain thing,
 It cannot give relief,
 'Tis transient as the morning cloud,
 Or dew on quivering leaf.

And *Worldly Pleasure's* nectared cup,
 That sparkles in our eye,
 Will turn to gall and bitterness,
 And bar us from the sky.

'Tis only on the sacred page
 We learn the blissful way
 To pardon, peace, and holiness,
 And realms of endless day.

Nature proclaims Jehovah's hand,
 The heavens His glory show,
 But lovelier scenes His Word unfolds
 To our admiring view.

'Tis there we learn God's only Son,
 Stooped from His throne on high,
 And in the form of man was made
 For man to bleed and die.

Then let us glory in the Cross
 Till called to brighter skies,
 To "view the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes."

There *Wesley* strikes his golden lyre
 To Jesus whom he loves,
 And *Watts* his harp of shining gold,
 Amid its vernal groves.

A garland of unfading flowers
 Adorns each poet's brow,
 While from the living fount of love
 Immortal pleasures flow.

Early Love.

"MANY waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it ; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."—*Solomon's Song*, viii. 7.

No FLOWER that scents the morning air,
 Or decks the vernal grove,
 Is half so sweet, or half so fair,
 As early virtuous love.

Is not the rose the sweetest flower
The garden ever knew ;
How lovely in the morning hour,
When bathed in crystal dew.

But love is sweeter than the rose,
Or lily in its bloom ;
No flower such beauties can disclose,
Or breathe such sweet perfume.

Young Edward was a noble youth,
Of manners undefiled ;
And Ellen's charms were love of truth,
And aspect sweet and mild.

Fair Ellen was an orphan one,
To wealth and rank allied ;
And Edward was an only son,
Whose parents too had died.

They loved each other, e'er they knew
What virtuous love could mean ;
He seemed a prince in Ellen's view,
She seemed in his a queen.

They loved to rise at early dawn
To pluck the scented flowers,
And oft would tread the velvet lawn
In recreation's hours.

Or they would trip along the grove,
Far from the giddy throng,
To lisp the guileless strains of love,
Or list the linnet's song.

Time moved along with rapid pace,
They both in virtue grew ;
His was a truly manly grace,
Her's chaste as morning dew.

And when the nuptial rite was o'er,
And Ellen bloomed his bride,
Edward still loved her as before,
Nor wished the knot untied.

United in the closest tie
That nature ever knew,
No tear e'er dropped from Ellen's eye,
But one from Edward's drew.

The guardians of their infancy,
And angels from above,
Looked down with sweet complacency
On their connubial love.

A blooming offspring round them grew
In knowledge, grace, and truth ;
The loveliest sight on earth to view,
Is piety in youth.

Ye British youth, revere and prize,
 The pearl of woman's love,
 And antedate superior joys
 In fairer climes above.

Seasons may change, and storms invade,
 And darkness veil the sky,
 Lilies may droop, and roses fade,
 But love can never die.

A Bridal Wreath.

WHAT flowers shall I pluck from the gay parterre,
 A bridal wreath to compose,
 Shall I 'twine the violet and lily fair,
 With the fragrant blushing rose ?

This world many beautiful flowerets yields,
 To please and attract the eye ;
 But I would not roam through her verdant fields,
 But in thought ascend the sky.

I would pluck some flowers from the Tree of Life
 That blooms in Eden above,
 For the coronal wreath of the tender wife,
 And the partner of her love.

Earth's fairest flowers soon wither away,
 But those will bloom for ever,
 And odoriferous be in a dying day,
 When the fondest hearts must sever.

Whilst Christian Friends their compliments pour
 On the mystic knot now tied,
 May Heaven exuberant blessings shower
 On the Bridegroom and his Bride.

But should Time on his wing bring sorrow and care,
 May their hearts true sympathy show,
 And mutually love, and mutually share
 Each varying scene below.

To Miss W.

MAY, 1826.

O DEAREST Eliza, my heart glows with rapture
 At the approach of that hour when thou shalt be mine
 When our vows we shall plight at the sacred altar
 And our hands be united in wedlock divine.

May the sun on that morning shine forth in his splendour
 And chase every cloud from the heavens away ;
 May the Saviour of sinners, our guide and defender,
 Cause the light of His favour to beam on that day.

May no tear of repentance embitter our union,
 Nor one sigh of regret from our bosoms arise ;
 May affection be strengthened by constant communion,
 And when parted by death may we meet in the skies.

B. E.

The Reply.

O ! HAD the Muse a gift on me bestowed,
 I would have answered yours, but not in prose ;
 For lines poetic better can express
 The ardent feelings of a loving breast.
 But since to me the Muse is not so kind,
 I look to you for friendship more refined ;
 A friendship which nor earth nor hell can sever,
 But which will bloom for ever and for ever.

E. W.

ON THE UNION OF

The Princess Royal of England

WITH

Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

“ Isle of enchanting forms and lovely eyes,
 Soft are thy breezes, bright thy beauteous skies ;
 Perennial plenty loads thy verdant lands
 With glowing fruits untouched by slavish hands ;
 Free as the air that fans thy blooming vales—
 Health in thy streams, and strength upon thy gales ;
 All that a people's prayer could ask from heaven,
 To thee, my country, is profusely given.

O long, engirdled with thy zone of waves,
 The guard of freedom, and the foe of slaves,
 Triumphant be thine ancient banners blown,
 Thou Queen of Isles upon thine ocean throne !”

WHILE bards of great and just renown,
 Who love their country and the crown,
 Attune their silver lyres,
 To celebrate the nuptial tie
 Formed by the lovely, good, and high,
 As Holy Writ requires.

Shall I, a bard of humble name,
 Advanced in life, unknown to fame,
 Bowed down with grief and care,
 Presume to touch the tuneful string,
 With Tennyson a tribute bring,
 To hail the princely pair ?

Forgive me, though my efforts fail,
 The rose-bud of our Isle to hail,
 Now joined to Prussia's flower :
 May Heaven's exuberant grace descend,
 And angel-guards their steps attend,
 Till life's last parting hour !

Around them may a blooming race
 Of plants of beauty, valour, grace,
 Their happy union crown ;
 And may the lands that gave them birth,
 The noblest and the best on earth,
 Retain their bright renown !

ON THE UNION OF

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,
 WITH
 Her Royal Highness Alexandra, Princess of
 Denmark.

AUSPICIOUS day ! the mystic knot is tied,
 And Denmark's lovely Princess is the bride
 Of England's Royal Heir. Oh ! may they prove
 The sweetest joys of pure connubial love,
 'Mid regal splendour still be good and true,
 And keep the diadem of Heaven in view ;
 Tread in the path lamented Albert trod,
 And love our Queen, her country, and her God.

Exalted high, the glory of all lands,
 Beneath the shield of Heaven Britannia stands,
 Established on her sea-girt throne, and placed
 The queen of empires in the watery waste.
 May future ages still revere her name,
 Reared on the radiant base of deathless fame ;
 War's hydra form shrink from her rocky shore,
 Till swords are sheathed and canuons boom no more.

Oh, blissful sight ! the holy volume's page
 Reveals the glories of a coming age,
 When sweet hosannas shall salute the skies,
 And praise to Jesus from all hearts arise.

Bright angels seated on their golden thrones,
 Patriarchs, prophets, and anointed ones,
 Apostles, martyrs, in full chorus join,
 And strike their harps in symphony divine,
 "Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save ;
 Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave."

MARCH 10th, 1865.

ON THE UNION OF

J. B., Esq., with Miss L.,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GENERAL H., OF EXETER, JANUARY 7th,

HAIL, Friend sincere ! may He who decked the sky
 Bless with His radiant smile your nuptial tie ;
 And may the Lady you have chosen prove
 Worthy your plighted faith and wedded love ;
 Time sweetly move for many happy years,
 Unchilled by grief and unbedewed with tears.
 In Eden first the mystic rite began,
 Ordained by God to crown the bliss of man ;
 "Here love his golden shafts employs," here brings
 His lamp to light, "and waves his purple wings."
 O may you all its hallowed bliss enjoy,
 Till called to nobler pleasures in the sky ;
 And when life's journey ends, your setting sun
 Enrobed in beauty to its rest go down,

Celestial visions bless the closing scene,
 And angels beckon to a land serene ;
 Your memory live, your name recorded be
 In the bright annals of Eternity.

ON THE UNION OF

C. W. B. D., Esq., with Miss S. A. L.

APRIL 28th, 1863.

YOUNG Lady, may your union be
 Unsullied with a tear,
 And may your nuptial joy increase
 Through each revolving year.

May your elected Bridegroom
 Be ever kind and true,
 And prize the jewel he has won,
 Its graceful casket too.

The world is bright before you,
 And gay with scented flowers,
 The calm blue sky is o'er you,
 Improve youth's fleeting hours.

Should any cloud of sorrow
 E'er shade your sunny way,
 May Jesu's presence gild it
 With Love's benignant ray.

And may your much-loved parents
 Be spared for years, to view
 Religion's silvery blossoms,
 And golden fruitage too.

Ye happy pair! so sweetly shines
 Your morning's early light,
 That well your anxious friends may hope
 A day serenely bright.

“ And when the sun-lit waves of Time
 Your gallant barks have passed,
 Safe may ye ride with canvass furled
 In heaven's bright port at last !”

Excuse these fervid wishes,
 For poets love to wreath
 Bright garlands round the youthful brow,
 That fragrant odours breathe.

ON THE UNION OF

Mr. J. B. with Miss S.

MAY 26th, 1860.

HAIL, wedded pair ! may this your bridal day
 Be sweeter than the sweetest flowers of May.
 The mystic knot is tied, oh ! may it prove
 A union of endearing, changeless love.
 Happy among the happiest here below,
 May Heaven its choicest gifts on you bestow,
 Sustain and shield you in a world of strife,
 To distant years extend your married life ;
 And if sweet pledges of your love be given,
 May they be trained for holiness and heaven,
 Ne'er wound your hearts, but walk in Wisdom's ways,
 And soothe with tenderness your closing days.
 Congenial in your views, oh ! may you prove
 The sweetness of a Saviour's dying love ;
 Enjoy His smile, His beauteous image bear,
 And in the glories of His kingdom share.

The Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, 1851

HAIL, Crystal Palace ! elegant design
 Where strength, utility, and grace combine ;
 Unrivalled genius ! that with magic power
 Could sketch thy outline in a busy hour,

Then with artistic skill and classic grace
 Fill up that outline in so short a space !
 High praise be theirs, whose no less skilful hands
 Upreared this princely structure for all lands.
 And now, behold ! complete in every part,
 A matchless specimen of British art.
 Gigantic scheme ! the wonder of our age,
 Crowned with the highest, noblest patronage !
 May Heaven itself on thee auspicious smile,
 And bless the various sons of art and toil ;
 May knowledge spread through this benignant plan,
 And man no longer be the foe of man ;
 But each pursue the path by Heaven designed,
 And Love's fraternal tie unite mankind,
 The sun of science shed its cheering ray,
 And dark Oppression's midnight melt away,
 Error and Superstition—birds of night—
 Be chased away by Truth's supernal light,
 Envy and Spleen and Tyranny expire
 And Christian sentiments the bosom fire,
 Ambition drench the fields no more with blood,
 Nor tinge the ocean with a crimson flood ;
 The sword be sheathed, the roar of cannon cease,
 The Gospel triumph, and the world have peace.

Hail, Britain ! beauteous island of the sea,
 Land of the brave, the generous, and free ;
 Land of fair science and pure Gospel light ;
 Oppression's foe, though panoplied with might ;
 My fatherland, " of every land the pride,
 Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,"

May this Great Exhibition thee endear
 To all thy sons, and nations far and near,
 Promote good-will to men, and closely bind
 In one sweet bond of brotherhood mankind.
 "Haste then, sweet Concord ! fly on angel's wing,
 That all the nations may one chorus sing,"
 And praise to God in noblest accents rise
 From every tribe and tongue beneath the skies.

Power Supreme ! from whom all blessings flow
 Let not this splendid, fascinating show
 Of human skill and persevering toil,
 From nobler things the human heart beguile ;
 But may that age, by sacred bards foretold,
 An age more glorious than an age of gold—
 Benignly dawn, chase every fiend away,
 Whose raven wings becloud the face of day,
 Engender feuds, dissatisfaction, strife,
 And mingle poison in the cup of life.
 And dawn it will, the promise cannot fail,
 Though Satan rage the Gospel must prevail,
 Messiah reign, the kingdoms be but one,
 The world His temple, and each heart His throne.

Immortal spirit ! shrined in fragile clay,
 Read on thy mightiest works the word—Decay !
 The regal dome, magnificent and great,
 The halls of science and the halls of state ;
 Yea, all that man, ingenious man, has wrought,
 Or toiling ages to perfection brought ;
 Th' Egyptian pyramid, the sculptured stone,
 And massive tower—be finally overthrown.

But though this world will sink in glowing fire,
 Creation fade, and Nature's self expire.
 See! from the ruins of creation rise
 In peerless beauty 'neath unfading skies,
 The Holy City—radiant to behold
 Her walls of jasper and her streets of gold,
 Inlaid with gems her buildings all appear,
 Her gates are pearls, and heavenly watchmen there ;
 Nor sun nor moon she needs, nor day nor night—
 God and the Lamb will be her glorious light !
 And while eternal ages circle round
 Nor sin nor death within her gates be found.
 O hallowed rest ! the saints' secure abode,
 The seat of angels, and the throne of God.

The Comet.

1858.

LINES respectfully inscribed to the Editor of the *Derby and Chesterfield Reporter*, as a small expression of gratitude for inserting so many of the humble effusions of my muse.

BEAUTIFUL COMET ! mysterious and grand,
 The work of a skilful Omnipotent hand ;
 We view thee with pleasure and sacred delight,
 And give glory to Him who enthroned thee with light.

Art thou a bright world, or a luminous car,
 In which seraphim travel to regions afar ;
 Or dost thou communicate strength to the sun,
 Which for thousands of years has so brilliantly shone ?

Whatever thy mission we are sure it is wise,
 Or Jehovah would ne'er have placed thee in the skies,
 Oh ! 'tis delightful to think, as thy beauty we scan,
 That the Being who formed thee redeemed lost man.

No diamond e'er sparkled with lustre so bright
 As lovely *Arcturus* that memorable night,
 When he smiled through thy robe and kindled surprise
 In thousands of gazing intelligent eyes.

Go, beautiful Comet ! we shall see thee no more,
 Till our spirits shall laud on a happier shore ;
Then what is mysterious and complex in time,
 Will be fully revealed in that beautiful clime.

The Great International Exhibition, 1862.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER,"—so Lord Bacon said ;
 And so believed the loved lamented dead,
 Th' illustrious Albert—whose benignant mind
 The exhibition for all lauds designed.
 What though his princely form no more is seen
 Gracing the side of England's lovely Queen !
 A brighter diadem adorns his brow
 Than royalty or conquest could bestow ;
 A crown without a thorn which ne'er shall fade,
 Though "Ruin's ploughshare" earthly thrones invade

Cheered by a cloudless sun, whose golden light
 Arrays each scene with beauty and delight ;
 'Mid bowers of bliss where living fountains flow,
 He waits to greet his Queen he loved below !

Great Exhibition ! 'tis wise, 'tis good to trace
 The noble works of Art and Toil, which grace
 Thy gorgeous Palace, where in concord sweet
 Men of all classes and all countries meet :
 But never let thy warmest votaries dream
 To supersede the Gospel's saving scheme ;
 That scheme from all eternity designed
 To elevate and sanctify mankind.
 Grandeur may awe, and beauty captivate ;
 But grace alone man's heart can renovate,
 Prepare him for the glory of the skies,
 And save him from a worm that never dies.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy, away !
 Roll on ye seasons ! waft the glorious day,
 When downtrod Salem shall in splendour rise,
 And Judah seek again her kindred skies ;
 Mercy descend and wing her angel flight
 O'er all the world, and all the world be light :
 Flourish the Arts, pure science brightly shine,
 And just remuneration, Toil, be thine ;
 The sword be sheathed, artillery cease to roar,
 Meek Peace prevail, and War be learnt no more.

John Wesley.

IMMORTAL WESLEY ! passed into the skies,
 Thy love how fervent, and thy zeal how wise ;
 No blood-stained laurels 'twined around thy bier,
 Dewed with the widow's sigh and orphan's tear.
 Raised up of God, a star in his right hand,
 The wonder and the glory of our land.
 "The world thy parish," so enlarged thy plan,
 It sought the good of every child of man ;
 Nor wealth, nor power, nor fame, by thee were sought,
 From higher motives all thy works were wrought ;
 Atoning love for every sinner free
 Was preached with power and great success by thee.
 Unnumbered miracles of grace were wrought,
 The vilest of the vile by thee were sought ;
 Cut to the heart, they agonised in prayer,
 The burden of their sins too great to bear.
 When lo ! the cross, in all its glory bright,
 Was then unveiled to Faith's supernal sight ;
 All sin forgiven, the burdened conscience free,
 They walked in perfect glorious liberty.
 The cloud, at first small as a human hand,
 Soon spread its shade o'er all our fatherland ;
 The tiny drop became a rolling sea,
 The grain of mustard seed a mighty tree.
 The little spark which first from Epworth came,
 Fanned by the breath of heaven, became a flame.
 Wider and wider spread the holy fire,
 Despite the worldling's scorn, the bigot's ire ;

It crossed the Atlantic, reached the western shore,
And swiftly traversed famed Columbia o'er.

O WESLEYANISM ! offspring of the skies,
How pure thy doctrines, and thy rules how wise ;
Thy first Itinerants were a noble race,
Men of strong minds, and richly stored with grace.
“ They braved the ruffian blow, the infuriate clan,
And all for love to God and love to man.”
Their members, too, were of a kindred mind,
Upright and simple, generous and kind ;
In all their intercourse they meekly strove
To build each other up in faith and love ;
Esteemed, their preachers in their footsteps trod,
And consecrated heart and life to God.
But they are gone to purer, happier skies,
Where hope ne'er withers, and where love ne'er dies
Faithful till death, the crown of life they won,
And bathed in glory was their setting sun.

But are thy votaries now like those of old,
Their love as ardent, and their zeal as bold ?
Are they as tender, sympathetic, kind,
As much to self-denial now inclined ?
Unlike the world in maxims, spirit, dress,
Regardless of its frowns or soft caress !
Do they to bitterest foes convincing prove
Their faith divine by works of holy love ?
Do they by prayer their Pastors' hands uphold,
And souls by thousands bring into the fold ?
Or does ambition rear its haughty crest,
And earth's pollutions stain thy beauteous vest ?

Does love of riches damp the fire of zeal,
 Bedim thy glory, and deface thy seal ;
 Retard thy march, a fallen world to save,
 While untold myriads drop into the grave ?

O WESLEYANISM ! may Jehovah pour
 On all thy Church a pentecostal shower,
 Increase thy numbers yet a thousand fold,
 And purify from dross thy sterling gold ;
 That thou mayst shine illustrious as the sun,
 In glory brightening till the world is won ;
 The sword be sheathed, artillery cease to roar,
 And fratricidal wars be known no more ;
 Love's golden chain be stretched from pole to pole,
 Link man to God, and rivet soul to soul.
 " Sweet Sharon's rose the woods and hills adorn,
 And blooming myrtles bright supplant the thorn,"
 Hosannas sweetly echo through the skies,
 And praise to Jesus from all lands arise.

John Howard.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING THE REV. J. CORBIN'S LECTURE ON THE
 AND LABOURS OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

HAIL, philanthropic HOWARD ! hail !
 Though noblest prose and sweetest verse must fail
 To speak thy worth, thy character display,
 Or half thy virtues to mankind portray,
 Accept this humble tribute at thy shrine—
 This simple wreath which artless hands entwine.

Whate'er in man is great, or good, or wise,
 We trace its origin beyond the skies ;
 And hence this eulogy on thee is given,
 T' exalt the pure philanthropy of heaven—
 To spread that truth, which when received by men
 Will change our world to paradise again,
 Hush every sigh, wipe every bitter tear,
 Break every chain, and every captive cheer,
 Bind every heart by dark oppression riven,
 Fill earth with joy, and tune the harps of heaven.

O generous Howard ! disinterested man !
 How pure thy motives ! how sublime thy plan !
 Thy tours through Europe were not to survey
 The sumptuous palace with its proud array,
 The stately pile, the mansions of the great,
 The halls of science, or the halls of state ;
 T' examine curious strata, rocks, or bones,
 Or gather medals, manuscripts, or stones ;
 To measure ancient relics of renown,
 Or modern arts more widely to make known :
 But t' explore the cells where culprits pined,
 And noisome dens where debtors were confined ;
 To take the gauge of misery, want, and pain,
 And wrench from cruelty its galling chain ;
 To brave contagion in its deadliest shade,
 To lend afflicted man thy friendly aid,
 To encounter perils both by land and sea,
 To soften grief and set the injured free.

What heart but with benignant feelings glowed
 While CORBIN gracefully thy virtues showed,

Retraced thy pathway with a master hand
 Through Britain's Isle, our loved, our fatherland ;
 And pointed out the blessings which have flowed
 To weeping man by labours thus bestowed—
 Labours which on the page of history shine,
 And round thy name immortal laurels twine !

Captain Hedley Vicars.

I PRIZE the land that gave me birth,
 The loveliest, dearest land on earth ;
 And nought but death shall quench the fire,
 That warms my breast and tunes my lyre.
 Come, sacred Muse, for thee I love,
 Come from the starry realms above,
 Assist thy votary to entwine
 A wreath for *Hedley Vicars'* shrine.

The Truth, which has from age to age
 Adorned the Christian's hallowed page,
 Caught the gay soldier's wandering eye,
 And formed his star of destiny.*
 The blood which cleanses from all sin
 Diffused a balmy peace within
 His youthful mind, and from that hour
 He was the slave of Sin no more.

* Memorials of Capt. Hedley Vicars, p. 16 and 17.

His guilt removed, his sins forgiven,
 He held sweet intercourse with Heaven.
 Benignant, affable, and kind,
 Of graceful form, of noble mind ;
 Or friend or foe in him might trace
 The peerless charms of saving grace.
 O blissful change ! example bright !
 He was a burning, shining light ;
 And by his pure devotion showed
 A soldier may live near to God,
 Defend the Queen, his country serve,
 Nor from his Christian duties swerve.
 His prowess shone with lustre bright
 On that dark, stormy, dismal night,
 When on our troops and brave allies
 The Russian force came by surprise ;
 Leading his men, loved Vicars fell,
 But on his death I need not dwell,
 So graphic does that scene appear,
 Drawn by the hand of friendship dear. *
 " Cover my face," he faintly cried,
 And then the Christian soldier died ;
 Quitting the gory trench of war
 To mount to heaven in Glory's car,
 Conducted by an angel band
 To that bright, happy, spirit land ;
 And now, before the sapphire Throne
 He casts his star-bespangled crown !

* Ibid, p. 164, 165, and 166.

Reader ! canst thou lift up thine eye
 To "lovely, mournful Calvary," *
 And gaze upon that tragic scene,
 And still retain thy love of sin ;
 O might the Spirit now impart
 The grace that would subdue thy heart,
 And save thy soul that angel quires
 Might sweep o'er thee their silver lyres ;
 And heaven's orchestra echo round—
 "The dead's alive, the lost is found !"

A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE

Memory of the Rev. Theophilus Lessey,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

WHAT though life's path be strewed with thorny cares,
 Beset with dangers, and o'erspread with gloom,
 The scene beyond a different aspect wears—
 A land of rest, where joys immortal bloom.

* Here I could for ever stay,
 Gaze and weep my soul away ;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful Calvary. —*James Montgomery.*

The blaze of wealth, and glitter of renown,
 The bloom of beauty, and the pomp of power,
 Though showy as the airy bubble blown,
 As soon explode, and then attract no more.

I envy not the haughty sons of Pride,
 Nor covet wealth, nor Grandeur's tinselled plume,
 Nor wish in festive scenes the thought to hide
 Of Death's approach, and Judgment's final doom.

I would, through grace, life's fleeting hours employ
 In preparation for a nobler scene,
 Where no rude hand can nip the buds of Joy,
 Or Malice wound, or Envy vent her spleen.

No foe can lurk in heaven's elysian bower,
 Nor Sin's pestiferous breath infect the air;
 No darkling clouds their awful contents pour,
 To mar the beauty of that Eden fair.

But where, ah ! where can glowing tints be found
 To paint the glories of the realms of light,
 Where Christ, the Lamb, in radiance sits enthroned,
 Surrounded by his saints in spotless white.

Methinks I see the glittering turrets rise
 Of Salem's city, formed of lucid gold,
 Sparkling with gems of thousand thousand dyes,
 And lo ! the pearly gates their leaves unfold.

See from the throne, like liquid jasper clear,
 The stream of life in rich abundance flows ;
 While on its banks immortal trees appear,
 And 'neath their shade celestial forms repose.

And oh ! what sounds mellifluous strike mine ear,
 From golden harps and heavenly voices strong—
 Unsullied robes, resplendent crowns they wear,
 And Jesu's love inspires their glowing song.

The soul's bright eye, from every film secure,
 Can there with lightning glance vast space behold,
 "And all the thousand stars that pave the floor
 Of heaven with orient pearl or living gold."

Thy sainted spirit in that world appears,
 Immortal Lessey ! Minister of grace !
 Far from this realm of gloomy doubts and fears,
 Blest with the vision of thy Saviour's face.

Thy mighty mind can now adoring scan
 Creation's works and Providence's maze,
 And God's unfathomed love to guilty man,
 In heaven's unclouded and refulgent blaze.

O may I join thee in those realms sublime,
 And bend with thee before the Great "I AM,"
 Retrace God's love through all the scenes of time,
 And sing "the Song of Moses and the Lamb."

An Apostrophe to a Departed Wife.

DIED MAY 16TH, 1854.

No more thine eyes can view the sun
His radiant course of duty run ;
No more at dewy eve behold
The western skies arrayed in gold.

No more survey with calm delight
The moon lead forth the hosts of night ;
E'en vernal Spring's delicious breath
Now wanders o'er thy house of death.

But thou hast left this vale of tears
For fairer scenes in brighter spheres ;
And I shall see thy face no more
'Till I shall land on Canaan's shore.

O may I meet thee on the strand
Of that immortal holy land,
And tread with thee its sunny vales,
And breathe its aromatic gales !

Or on some "green and flowery mount"
The joys and griefs of earth recount ;
While listening angels hear us tell
How Jesus hath done all things well.

Roll on bright sun ! and bring the day
 When I shall wing my flight away
 From this lone vale of sighs and tears,
 To fairer skies in holier spheres.

On the Death of M. S. J. C.

AGED 25 YEARS.

O DEATH ! thou ruthless spoiler, dreaded power,
 Whose icy hand soon chills the brightest flower—
 The flower which charmed us in life's dreary vale,
 The flower which scented every passing gale.
 Regardless of our deep and poignant woe,
 Our hearts which bleed, our eyes which tears o'erflow,
 Touched by thy wand our choicest plants decay,
 And all their peerless beauties die away.
 But oh ! there is a brighter, lovelier scene,
 Where sin, and death, and grief are never seen ;
 Where no dark worm can seize the opening flower,
 Coil round the root, or revel at the core.
 Transplanted to that clime our flowerets bloom,
 And shed on heavenly gales a rich perfume ;
 Beneath a clondless sky their beauties glow,
 Nor chilling blast, nor scorching heat can know.

O lovely flowers ! bathed with celestial dew
 How sweet your fragrance, how divine your hues ;
 From cherub lips immortal pœans rise,
 And seraphs view you with delighted eyes.

Then shall we give our harps a mournful strain,
 And wish our friends in this cold world again ;
 Wish them to leave their palaces of light,
 Their Eden bowers, their robes of spotless white,
 Their radiant seats before the Saviour's throne,
 Their starry wreaths, and palms of victory won,
 Their crystal founts whence streams of pleasure flow
 To taste again the cup of human woe,
 To mingle in earth's scenes of toil and strife,
 And tread again the thorny vale of life ;
 Once more the perils of probation brave,
 And dip their feet again in Death's dark wave.

Come, beauteous seraph of ethereal birth—
 Man's greatest, kindest, surest friend on earth—
 Divine Religion ! stem the flowing tear,
 With healing balm the anguished bosom cheer ;
 A Father, Mother, Sister's grief control,
 And with celestial hope inspire the soul ;
 With radiant finger point them to the skies
 Where their beloved One now enjoys the prize—
 The glorious prize a Saviour's blood obtained,
 The rich reward of faith and love unfeigned.
 What though his voice salutes your ears no more,
 Ye weeping ones ! nor soothes with magic power ;
 What though his active limbs now torpid lie,
 And darkness veils the lustre of his eye ;

What though his heart—the seat of life and love—
 Congealed to ice hath ceased the breast to move :
 The undying spirit swiftly winged its way
 To blissful regions of eternal day,
 And waits to greet in those pure climes above
 The dearest objects of its earthly love.
 O pleasing hope ! to meet in heaven's bright sphere—
 Unstained with sin, unsullied with a tear—
 Our pious friends, sweet converse to renew,
 No more to hear the plaintive sound—adieu !
 Delightful thought ! by friendship valued more
 Than sparkling gems, or heaps of precious ore :
 Delightful thought ! to heal the wounded mind,
 The sweetest balm the desolate can find.

Material flowers soon bloom and soon decay,
 And man on earth has but a transient day ;
 How soon his strength declines, his glories fade,
 And death enwraps him in his silent shade.
 The ruined arch with moss and ivy crowned,
 The scattered fragments that bestrew the ground,
 The mouldering tower, the broken pillars, shew
 How frail is human grandeur here below.
 Though silent, yet “ in Reason's ear ” they cry—
 “ Man's works like him must vanish all and die.”
 Imperial cities flourish and decay,
 Their sites as well as names are swept away ;
 E'en powerful empires share the common lot—
 “ They rise, decline, expire, and are forgot.”
 O solemn thought, beneath our feet we tread
 The great, the mighty, th' illustrious dead ;

And what avails the vain recording bust,
 Or chiselled stone to shrine the naked dust.
 The sun will fade, the works of art decay,
 The beauties of creation pass away;
 The good alone, like amaranth shall bloom,
 And rise to life eternal from the tomb!

On the Death of the Prince Consort.

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE! now crowned with angel-wreath
 Britannia weeps and mourns thy sudden death.
 Fled is thy spirit from its mortal frame,
 Escaped to be with God from whom it came.
 O blissful change! O scenes superbly bright
 O splendid diadem! O throne of light!
 The sure inheritance of all the good,
 Whose robes are purified in Jesu's blood.
 May heaven its richest consolations pour,
 To soothe thy Queen in this bereaving hour!
 Torn from her arms the Consort of her youth,
 The friend of science, literature, and truth.
 But though her loss is great, 't is not for ever—
 "Death only for a little while" can sever;
 The souls united here in love and truth,
 Shall meet in heaven more blooming than in youth;

Partake of joys which shall for ever flow,
And feel a bliss too great for earth to know.

Adieu, loved Prince ! escaped the din of war
That grates upon our ears from realms afar ;
Britannia's sons in peril's hour will press
Around their Queen with manly tenderness ;
And by heroic deeds on land and sea,
Rival the fame of ancient chivalry.

ON THE DEATH OF

His Grace the Duke of Wellington.

MOURN, Britain mourn ! thy Wellington is gone,
The hero who "a hundred fights" had won ;
Crushed by the weight of more than "fourscore years,"
The loved, the veteran warrior disappears.
Star of thy country ! glory of thy age !
The brightest gem on history's lucid page !
A thousand minds their genius shall combine,
A thousand laurels deck thy hallowed shrine,
A nation drop for thee the grateful tear,
And link thy name with all the heart holds dear.

Hail, love of country ! sacred mystic tie
That binds us to our native soil and sky ;

Still British youth for noble deeds inspire,
 Let nothing chill or quench the sacred fire :
 But should Ambition roll his gory car,
 And light again the awful torch of war,
 May Britain's sons, like Sparta's noble band,
 The rushing myriads of the foe withstand ;
 Another Nelson his dread thunders pour,
 And guard from hostile arms our peaceful shore
 Another Wellington for Britain gain
 Immortal honours on the blood-stained plain ;
 While fell Ambition finds beyond the tomb
 A tyrant's portion and a murderer's doom.

ON THE DEATH OF

John Chambers, Esq.,

SURGEON, FIRST HOSPITAL STAFF, DIED AT FALMOUTH

ISLAND OF JAMAICA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1846.

CHAMBERS, th' ingenious, scientific, brave,
 Lies in the cold embraces of the grave ;
 While those to whom his form was ever dear
 Oft shed the tender, sympathetic tear,
 Recall to mind his genius, virtues, worth,
 And noble magnanimity on earth.

To stay disease or soften human pain,
 No personal risk his footsteps could restrain;
 Like a kind angel from the radiant sky,
 He faithfully performed his embassy.

When duty called to Barbary's dangerous coast,^{*}
 Where fell disease sad ravages could boast;
 Where famine dire her ghastly form upreared,
 And every scene of wretchedness appeared;
 Where fever spread her baleful wings around,
 And human corpses thickly strewed the ground :
 Oh, sickening sights ! what firmness did he shew,
 What trust in heaven amidst such scenes of woe !
 What sad privations, sufferings endure,
 The object of his mission to secure.

When Europe groaned beneath the scourge of heaven,[†]
 And myriad hearts were bleeding, pierced, and riven,
 The Emerald Isle bore witness to his fame,
 And twined her shamrock round his honoured name ;
 Heaven blessed his skill, disease before it fled,
 Not one beneath his care sank with the dead ;
 The crimson stream regained its wonted flow,
 The prostrate frame its strength and healthy glow.

In life's endearing ties he brightly shone,
 A feeling Brother and a duteous Son,

^{*} In April, 1826, Mr. Chambers was sent by the Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar to the coast of Barbary, to inquire into the nature of the disease which was then (together with famine) committing the most awful ravages, and to guard against its importation into the garrison at Gibraltar.

[†] During the time the cholera was raging in Ireland, Mr. Chambers was stationed in that country, and was very successful in treating that frightful disease both in and out of barracks. He did not lose a single patient placed under his care, and as a testimonial of his services, was presented with a piece of plate.

A tender Parent and a Husband kind,
 Of pleasing manners and benignant mind;
 A faithful friend, discreet, discerning, wise,
 Frank, open, candid, free from all disguise.
 Ah! few like him have left so loved a name,
 So deeply mourned, so worthy virtuous fame.

ON THE SUDDEN AND DEEPLY LAMENTED DEATH OF

William Evans, Esquire,

OF ALLESTREE HALL.

“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

“What is heaven?”

“One everlasting summer, with no winter!
 No killing frosts to mock the reaper's hopes,
 Or mar his joyous song! One endless morning,
 Stranger to night! Each ransomed spirit, like
 Some peerless orb of light, up climbing high
 A boundless firmament, but reaching ne'er
 Its full meridian! The Tree of Life
 Waving immortal fragrance, and its fruits
 Perennial! Each toil-worn warrior
 Of earth, his forehead laving with the stream
 Which roll its crystal waters “from the Throne
 Of God and of the Lamb,” there washing off
 The blood and dust of battle, and exchanging
 The Pilgrim armour for the Pilgrim rest!”

EVANS is dead! the generous, the kind,
 The friend of Science, Virtue, and Mankind.
 Exalted spirit! in whatever clime
 Of fadeless beauty thou may'st soar sublime,

Thy name will live, and grateful incense rise
 To him whose grace prepared thee for the skies.
 Freedom laments her stedfast friend 's no more,
 Benevolence and Truth thy loss deplore,
 While mild Religion bending o'er thy bier
 Lets fall the tender sympathetic tear.
 Forgive the Muse attempting to rehearse
 Thy sterling worth in unassuming verse,
 Thine was the Christian patriot's genial flame,
 Thine Mercy's power and Virtue's noble aim;
 'Twas thy delight to alleviate distress,
 To free the slave, the injured to redress,
 To give support to each benignant plan,
 To elevate and save benighted man;
 Thy hand was ever open to the poor,
 And freely gave of thy abundant store;
 From bigotry and ostentation free,
 All sects, all ranks, esteemed and honoured thee;
 But thou art gone! probation's day is o'er,
 And thy loved form will tread this earth no more;
 Still in remembrance thou wilt live enshrined
 The friend of Science, Virtue, and Mankind!

ON THE DEATH OF THE
Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

NEWTON is dead ! his ministry is o'er,
 The music of his voice can charm no more ;
 Quenched his bright eye, his noble form laid low,
 And long for him the tears of love will flow.
 Illustrious saint ! Herald of grace divine !
 Minister of Christ ! now called in heaven to shine :
 For more than half a century thou hast trod
 The path of life, and preached the Word of God.
 Bright was thy course through this our darkened sphere,
 To men of every rank thy name was dear ;
 Chaste, eloquent, and rich in Christian lore,
 Thy teaching beamed with light and came with power.
 Thy ministry was blessed, and in that day
 When the bright sun shall fade, the stars decay,
 Earth's strong foundations rend, the dead arise
 And leave a flaming world and mount the skies,
 Then will the souls thy faithful labours won
 Sparkle with beauty in thy jewelled crown !

ON THE DEATH OF THE
Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D.

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

BUNTING is dead ! his course of duty run ;
 And bright and cloudless was his setting sun :

The storm was hushed that raved around his head,
 And foes as well as friends lament the dead.
 A prince has fallen ! Jabez, exalted name,
 The first, the noblest on the scroll of fame ;
 Shrined in the tomb the Christian hero lies,
 The victory won, secured the glorious prize.
 Come, sacred Muse ! let fall a tender tear,
 Embalm a name so honoured and so dear :
 Great in his teaching, eloquent in prayer,
 Unrivalled in debate, ah ! tell me where
 One can be found in intellect so clear,
 So sound in faith, so free from servile fear ?
 But he is gone, his days of conflict o'er—
 And friends can wound, and foes defame no more ;
 His spirit soars in peaceful climes on high,
 And joins the radiant circles of the sky,
 Where Watson, Newton, and the white-robed throng
 Unite in Mercy's sweet eternal song ;
 Enraptured bow before the empyreal seat
 And cast their jewelled crowns at Jesu's feet !

May those kind friends to whom his name is dear,
 Who now embalm his memory with a tear,
 Meet his bright form on Heaven's eternal shore,
 When this frail life shall end, its griefs be o'er !

On the Death of the Rev. J. G. Pike.

Written on the Day of his Funeral.

HAIL, Christian Pastor ! veteran of the Cross !
 Infinite gain to thee, thy church's loss ;

How suddenly thy spirit took its flight
 From earth's dark scenes to heaven's unsullied light !
 No tear, no pang, no agonizing throe
 Marked thy sweet exit from this vale of woe.
 O thrilling sight ! when fled the vital breath,
 Thy hand still held the pen though chilled with death
 "Thy body with thy charge" thou hast "laid down,"
 The pastorate left, to wear the pastor's crown—
 That crown begemmed with souls thy labours won,
 Who now with thee surround the Saviour's throne,
 Or sweep their golden lyres, or loudly raise
 Their voice with thee, to celebrate His praise.
 Long will thy name to rich and poor be dear,
 Long will thy works be read and bless our sphere.
 Few living stars have shone with purer ray
 To guide immortals to the realms of day ;
 Few ministers with greater firmness stood
 The foe of Rome, and Error's serpent brood ;
 Few laboured more to guide our rising youth
 In the bright paths of evangelic truth ;
 Few sought with more intense parental care
 The unhappy wanderer caught in Satan's snare.
 But thou art gone ! thy toils and griefs are o'er,
 Thy voice will sound, thy hand will write no more.
 Herald of grace ! minister of Christ, farewell !
 Thy bliss and joy no seraph tongue can tell ;
 While thousands join the sable train of woe
 To view thy reliques laid in dust below—
 "Beneath the shadow of life's healing tree
 Thy spirit blooms with Immortality."

O may thy mourning church and offspring dear
 Meet thy pure form in heaven's refulgent sphere;
 Exult with ecstasy to earth unknown,
 And cast their diadems before the Throne!

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF THE

Rev. James Gawthorn,

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS THE BELOVED PASTOR OF THE CONGREGA-
 TIONAL CHURCH ASSEMBLING IN VICTORIA STREET CHAPEL
 DERBY.

Died September 6th, 1857, Aged 82 Years.

HERALD of grace! could artless hands like mine
 A chaplet worthy of thy name entwine,
 A wreath of beauty should adorn thy tomb
 Of heavenly fragrance and of deathless bloom.
 GAWTHORN, forgive this unpretending lay,
 Which would a tribute to thy memory pay;
 And through the servant to the master raise
 A votive tablet to record His praise.
 Thy ministry has ceased, thy course is run,
 And bathed in glory was thy setting sun!
 Thy orphaned church will see thy face no more;
 Thy prayers, thy tears, thy warnings now are o'er.
 In thee true liberty has lost a friend
 Of purpose firm, unwavering to the end.

No bribe could tempt thee from the right to swerve,
 No menace of a foe thy soul unnerve !
 Called by the Saviour in thy early days
 To dedicate thy talents to his praise,
 To preach His cross—the wisdom of the skies—
 By which a fallen world from sin may rise,
 Celestial fruit has crowned thy labours here,
 And hence thy name to many souls is dear—
 Souls saved by grace—seals by the Spirit given—
 And stars to deck thy diadem in heaven !

Still at his post this veteran was found,
 Though seven and fifty years had circled round ;
 Nor would he yield to soft inglorious ease,
 The dearest friend amongst his flock to please ;
 But grasped his shield till Jesus said, “ Well done !
 Lay down the crook to wear the pastoral crown.”
 Released by death, the conquering hero flies
 To join the noble army of the skies ;
 Where *Howe*, and *Watts*, and *Hill*, and *Whitfield* greet,
 And sweep their harps and bow at Jesu’s feet ;
 While *Wesley*, *Fletcher*, *Pike*, and *Newton* join
 To celebrate the depths of Love Divine.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. John Edwards,

AUTHOR OF “ A TOUR OF THE DOVE,” “ ALL SAINTS’ CHURCH,
 AND OTHER WORKS.

OH ! Edwards, is thy ransomed spirit fled,
 And art thou numbered with the silent dead ?

Is thy melodious harp by death unstrung,
 O'er which the 'raptured ear delighted hung?
 And will thy pen no more to us convey
 The bright instructions of thy pleasing lay?
 The sacred fane no more employ thy verse,
 Majestic pile! its grandeurs to rehearse.
 Nor silver Dove thy magic pencil trace,
 Whose local beauties thy sweet stanzas grace?
 Had I thy master-mind, 'midst cypress gloom
 I'd wreath a fadeless chaplet round thy tomb;
 But that is needless, since thy spotless name
 And glowing verse secure thee lasting fame.
 And though unstrung on earth thy silver lyre,
 Thy soul has joined the bright celestial choir,
 And tunes a golden harp by Jesus given,
 Commingling with the melody of heaven.

Stanzas.

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all."

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."--p. 44

SWEET Spring may return with her garland of flowers,
 And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
 Bright Summer may shine through her crystalline showers,
 But Eliza can never return unto me!

She has sunk to the grave, and her dust will be blended
 With those who before her have fallen asleep;
 But her spirit to regions of beauty ascended,
 And left me a mourner to sigh and to weep.

I will not despond, though dark billows roll o'er me,
 And gulfs, like Charybdis, may threat to devour,
 Th' invisible arms of Jehovah around me
 Can shelter and save in the perilous hour !

I will not despond, though "Neglect's ices chill me,"
 Though friends like the flowerets of spring pass away,
 Though Envy should sting or base Calumny stab me;
 No earthly disaster my soul shall dismay !

Thy smile, O my Saviour, whate'er I inherit,
 Is better than friendship, wealth, fame, to my heart;
 Thy smile is a balm to the deep-wounded spirit,
 A friend that will never, no, never depart.

When once I have gained yonder beautiful strand,
 Where spirits immortal will hail,
 No foe can e'er enter that peaceable land,
 Or sickness or sorrow assail.

As I stand on the beach of its bright sunny shore
 I may smile at the billows that foam;
 The voyage of life and its perils all o'er,
 And eternally happy my Home !

“I Think of Thee.”

I THINK of thee, when morning dawns
O'er hills and dales, and woods and lawns;
I think of thee, when in the West
The golden Sun retires to rest.

Though nearly eight dark years have fled
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,
A sunset glow of memory
Enkindles at the thought of thee.

How can I help but think of thee—
These were thy dying words to me,
“Be calm, be calm, there's *One above*
“Who cares for thee, His name is Love!”

I think of thee enrobed in white,
Companion of the saints in light,
Casting thy star-bespangled crown
Before “the rainbow-cinctured Throne!”

O! for one sweet, one golden ray
To cheer me at the close of day;
And ere my spirit takes its flight
At evening-time, “*Let there be light.*”

Though earthly friends become estranged,
Though Fortune's smiles to frowns be changed,
Though dark my path, I know 'tis right,
At evening-time there *will* be light.

Nor shall I, like the wicked, die
 And in the grave forgotten lie;
 But in one heart that thinks of me,
 Be shrined to all eternity.

Celestial Ministry.

O YE blest spirits who have winged your flight
 From earth's dark scenes to heaven's sublimer sphere,
 Who now surround the sapphire throne of light,
 For ever freed from anguish, doubt, and fear.

Do ye sometimes, on heavenly mission sent,
 Your silver bowers leave in realms of day,
 To visit those whose hearts with grief are rent,
 Who loved you dearly when enshrined in clay?

Do ye unseen your golden pinions spread,
 When danger threatens from some deadly foe;
 And do ye screen the weak, defenceless head,
 And soothe the bosom deeply pierced with woe?

Oh! 'tis a thought that fills the soul with joy,
 A doctrine cherished at the fond heart's core—
 That angel-spirits thus their powers employ,
 To guard the righteous in each trying hour.

When Jacob from his elder brother fled,
 In lonely wild at closing hour of day,
 He reared a stone as pillow for his head,
 And unprotected in the desert lay.

When lo ! he saw a mystic ladder placed—
 Its foot on earth, its top above the skies—
 Ascending and descending angels traced
 Delightful proof of heavenly ministries.

This cheering truth on Inspiration's page,
 That angel-forms attend Salvation's heirs,
 Is clear as sunbeam, and in every age
 To mourning saints sweet consolation bears.

Reader ! perhaps while you peruse these rhymes,
 Penned to relieve a heart oppressed and riven,
 Some sainted spirit from yon sunny climes
 May near you stand, to guard your steps to heaven.

But this we know, that great benignant Power,
 Whose presence fills illimitable space,
 Who formed the earth and paints each lovely flower,
 And gave His Son to die for Adam's race—

Whose hand sustains the swallow on the wing,
 And feeds each tenant of the barren air,
 Will safely to the world of glory bring
 The feeblest saint who casts on Him his care.

TRIBUTARY LINES

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF

George Milner, Esq.

WHO DIED MAY 10TH, 1863, IN THE 61ST YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“Time hurries onward to one certain fate
The friend, the foe, the rich, the desolate;
And oh! how happy he whose spirit sees
A star beyond, a healing for disease;
The soul whose habitation is not here,
Power cannot harm beyond the mortal tear,
Care cannot rule with iron-sinewed hand;
That soul belongs to an unearthly land.
The ills that vex this pilgrimage are given
To fit it only for a brighter heaven!”

G. M.

WHY mourns the Muse? what bids the tear to flow?

'Tis not for private wrongs or public woe;

'Tis grateful love, 't is sympathy sincere

That heaves the sigh, that sheds the tender tear.

Beyond where planets roll or comets stray,

Beyond the solar orb, or milky way,

Milner! thy hallowed spirit winged its flight,

To join the ransomed in the world of light;

Where, free from sin, temptation, grief, and pain,

Thou wear'st a robe unsullied with a stain;

While angel fingers round thy temples twine

A wreath of beauty—fadeless and divine.

O! may I meet thee in that sinless sphere,

With those to whom thy memory is dear;

And strike a golden harp, by Jesus given,

In harmony with all the bards of heaven.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
Mr. Henry Faber Welch,
 AGED 32 YEARS, AND HIS COUSIN
Mr. James Henry Mellor,
 OF DERBY, AGED 31 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS,

WHO WERE LOST ON THE 26TH OF OCTOBER, 1859, IN THE
 WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they
 were not divided."—2 *Samuel*, 1 ch. 23 v.

THE sprightly youth and the hoary sire,
 The talented, pious, and brave,
 By lingering sickness or maladies dire,
 Fall victims to death and the grave.

The tender bride from the bridegroom is torn
 By Death's unmerciful power;
 And the titled and wealthy with splendour are borne
 For the withering worm to devour.

The beautiful crest and the glittering star,
 And the jewelled crown of kings,
 Procure no discharge in this general war,
 But are treated as worthless things.

Some die on a couch, surrounded by those
 Whose presence and sympathy cheer;
 And some in lone deserts their pilgrimage close,
 With no friendly assistance near.

Some are borne to the Abbey in pomp and state,
 Some laid in the rustic grave ;
 And some meet on the ocean their mournful fate—
 And their couch is its briny wave.

OMNISCIENT ONE ! unchangeably the same,
 At whose command sun, moon, and planets came,
 At whose command they all will pass away,
 And other worlds their beauteous forms display ;
 Though clouds and darkness now thy Throne surround
 And mysteries in all Thy works abound,
 We would not vainly scan Thy righteous ways,
 Nor rudely rush where angels dare not gaze.

Ye deeply learned in scientific lore,
 Your Great Creator reverence and adore ;
 To Revelation's voice your ear attend—
 "God made you Him to love, not comprehend ;"
 Pursue the path immortal Newton trod
 And "look through Nature up to Nature's God."
 The past, the present, and the future lie
 Without a veil to His all-seeing eye ;
 The raging storm, the conflagration dire,
 The thunder's crash, the lightning's vivid fire,
 The burning mountain pouring down its side
 Rivers of glowing lava far and wide,
 The earthquake's sudden desolating shock,
 The blight and cholera, which proud Science mock,
 The sad vicissitudes, disasters, strife,
 And all the varied ills of human life,

Though dark and mystic to short-sighted man,
 Are parts of His all-wise benignant plan,
 And intimate that He who rules the whole
 Has stamped with immortality the soul ;
 And that a day will come, O solemn thought !
 Most clearly on the page of Scripture taught,
 When "every secret thing " will be made known
 To congregated worlds around His Throne.

Ye Christian friends, whose loved ones are no more,
 Lost in the Royal Charter near the shore,
 And do you mourn their sad, untimely doom,
 When flushed with brilliant hopes of seeing home ?
 There is a balm that yields the mind relief,
 And soothes the spirit in the hour of grief ;
 Oh, think of Him who human nature wears
 On His bright throne, and in your suffering shares.
 We trust your lost ones raised a tearful eye
 To Him who listens to the softest sigh,
 And ere they sank beneath the briny wave,
 Found Jesu's arm omnipotent to save,
 And now are landed on that tranquil shore,
 Where winds can howl and tempests wreck no more.

ON THE DEATH OF

Emily Sarah Quail,

DIED MAY 16TH, AGED SIXTEEN YEARS.

AH, what is life ? an ever restless sea,
 Whose gales are sighs, whose shore—Eternity !

Ah, what is life ? a vapour in the skies,
 A flower that opes at morn, at evening dies.
 Ah, what is life ? the only season given
 To seek a Saviour, and prepare for heaven.
 But few times more the silvery moon may rise
 And walk in brightness up the azure skies ;
 But few times more the golden orb of day
 His chariot drive along th' ethereal way,
 Ere we must bid the scenes of time adieu,
 And scenes eternal burst upon our view.
 Ye gentle maids ! ye elegantly fair !
 Let pure religion be your primal care ;
 Let virtue's graceful robes your youth adorn,
 And dedicate to God life's rosy morn.
 Time swiftly flies, the fairest forms decay,
 The longest life is quickly passed away ;
 Be mental charms your never-fading bloom—
 Internal beauty will survive the tomb,
 And shed a fragrance sweeter than the rose
 Or any flower that in the meadow grows.
 Fair EMILY, though graceful as a flower,
 A victim fell to Death's resistless power ;
 Dim now her eye, and in the dust laid low,
 And pale her cheek, once tinged with beauty's glow
 Come then, ye fair ones ! scented garlands bring
 And deck her grave with blossoms of the spring ;
 Let opening roses, drooping lilies tell
 Like those she bloomed, and ah ! like these she fell
 But, ere she fell, she had delighted found
 The balm that heals our fallen nature's wound ;

And now before the Saviour's radiant throne,
 Lays at his feet her shining blood-bought crown.
 Say, Christian friend, who on the orphan smiled,
 And nurtured as your loved adopted child,
 When you are called to fairer, balmier skies,
 Where tears are wiped, and hushed the orphan's sighs,
 How will your bosom glow to see her stand
 To bid you welcome to "*the better land.*"

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF

The late Mr. Charles Pratt,

FOR UPWARDS OF 26 YEARS TREASURER AND CHAMBERLAIN, AND FOR MANY
 YEARS CLERK TO THE MAGISTRATES OF THE BOROUGH OF DERBY, WHO DIED
 APRIL 5TH, 1861.

DEPARTED ONE! with sympathy sincere,
 My humble Muse lets fall a silent tear;
 No panegyric to thy shrine I bring,
 A simple wreath my votive offering.
 I knew thy worth, thy strict integrity,
 Thy feeling mind, thy cordial sympathy.
 But thou art gone, thy earthly race is run,
 Thy spirit fled with Nature's setting sun—*
 We hope on pinions swifter than the light,
 To scenes of beauty and supreme delight,
 Above the rolling worlds and star-gemmed skies,
 Where tears are wiped for ever from thine eyes,

* "He departed with the setting sun, and with the hope of a joyful resurrection."

Where heavenly zephyrs waft a sweet perfume,
 And ransomed spirits wear angelic bloom.
 To Jesu's name be endless honours given,
 Who died for thee, and op'd the gates of heaven.
 May thy bereaved ones, in that radiant sphere,
 Meet thy loved form, and crowns of beauty wear,
 Behold the Lamb, by sovereign grace made meet,
 And bow in adoration at His feet.

Stanzas,

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF A SEVERE WINTER.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

THE flowerets of Spring are all gone to decay,
 The roses of Summer have died,
 Pale Autumn has sung her sad requiem lay,
 And the flocks to their coverts have hied.

Bleak Winter has now begun his drear reign,
 And bound the rivulets in chains,
 And thrown his white mantle o'er mountain and plain,
 And hushed the sweet warblers' strains.

He has entered our island with terrible might,
 And we shrink from the glance of his eye;
 And many, we fear, 'neath his mantle of white
 Mortality's victims will lie.

His aspect is haggard, terrific, and wild,
 His beard is with icicles hung,
 His breath chills the blood, and dire Poverty's child
 Is benumbed as he passes along

O ye who have more than your wants now require,
 Remember the desolate poor
 Who sigh in their cots with scarce victuals or fire,
 Or shivering stand at your door.

Oh ! think from whose bounty your mercies all flow,
 Who blesses your basket and store ;
 And from love to the Saviour your tribute bestow,
 And soothe the sad hearts of the poor.

Stanzas.

1844.

THE cheeks that now rival the blushes of morn,
 And tinged like the rose with the loveliest dye,
 Will soon become pale, and by reptiles be torn,
 And low in the dust of the sepulchre lie.

The eye that now beams with a lustre so bright,
 And speaks to the heart with a magical power,
 Will sink in its socket, be shrouded in night,
 And lose all its beauty in Death's gloomy hour.

The heart that now beats will ere long beat no more,
 But motionless lie in the cold, noisome grave ;
 The tongue will be mute, and its eloquence o'er,
 And nerveless the arm of the strong and the brave.

But though the frail flesh in corruption must lie,
 Ere long the dark night of the grave will be o'er,
 And the brightest of mornings illumine the sky,
 And the reign of Corruption and Death be no more

The voice of the Saviour shall pierce the dark tomb,
 And the slumbering dust of His saints shall awake,
 No more to become the dark prey of the worm,
 But the glories of heaven for ever partake.

Adorned with a splendour outvying the sun,
 And eclipsing in beauty each radiant star,
 The glorified saints in their orbits shall run
 In the regions of bliss Faith beheld from afar.

But the wicked, who slighted the Saviour below,
 And treated his offers of mercy with scorn,
 Will rise from their graves to perdition and woe,
 And rue the sad day that they ever were born.

On Spring.

INSCRIBED TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND.

SWEET Spring returns with balmy breath
 To wake the sleeping flowers,
 To clothe in living green the earth,
 And deck the rural bowers.

She gently treads the dewy vale,
 Where early blossoms peep,
 And listens to her primrose pale
 Just wakening out of sleep.

How sweet her soft ambrosial wing !
 How beautiful her vest !
 Who does not love returning Spring
 Of all the seasons best ?

The snowdrop in her lily vest—
 The child of Winter's reign—
 Is gone ; and flowers with golden crest,
 And daisies gem the plain.

The azure violet scents the breeze
 That shakes the crowfoot's bell,
 And pretty song-birds in the trees
 Wake echoes through the dell.

The sprightly lark ascends the sky,
 To warble matins there;
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
 And fragrance loads the air.

Who does not love returning Spring
 Of all the seasons best?
 How sweet her soft ambrosial wing!
 How beautiful her vest!

No dismal clouds, no storms appear,
 In yon bright world above;
 Sweet Spring encircles all the year,
 And all that Spring is Love.

No howling winds, no shades of night,
 "Profane those mansions blessed—
 Where in the happy fields of light,
 The weary are at rest."

Then let us for that Spring prepare,
 Of endless love and bloom;
 And cast on Jesus all our care,
 Whose smile illumines the tomb.

To a Friend.

THOUGH earth has bright scenes to be viewed with delight,
 "As a poet or painter might show;
 Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,"
 Is the land where the faithful shall go.

That Elysian abode no grief can invade,
 No serpent e'er lurk in its bowers;
 'Tis unchilled by a blight, and undimmed by a shade,
 And beauty arrays all its flowers.

'Tis the land of the blest, 't is the kingdom of God,
 Where nought but sweet harmony reigns;
 Its groves odoriferous by seraphs are trod,
 And the river of life laves its plains.

'Tis a region so bright that it needs not the sun,
 Or the moon's soft silvery ray;
 For the glory of God and the Lamb from the throne
 Is the light of Eternity's day.

The friends whom we loved will with ecstasy hail,
 As we step on its beautiful shore;
 May Hope be our anchor, our Faith never fail,
 Till our conflicts on earth are all o'er!

To a Friend.

MAY.

WHAT dims the lustre of thine eye,
 What clouds thy lovely brow?
 Why dost thou heave the pensive sigh,
 Why fled thy youthful glow?

Why does that sad and silent tear
 Steal gently down thy cheek?
 Why art thou sorrowful and drear
 When lips of kindness speak?

See, Spring in robes of living green
 Makes hills and valleys smile;
 Why not the flowers that deck the scene,
 Thy heart of woe beguile?

The skies are clear, the gales blow soft,
 The lambkins sport around,
 And sweet the breath the zephyrs waft,
 And sweet the riv'let's sound;

The cowslip with its golden hue,
 And flowerets of the vale,
 The hawthorn blossomed hedges too
 Perfume the passing gale:

'The little songsters of the grove,
 In plumage bright and gay,
 Now warble forth their strains of love,
 And hail the month of May.

Adorned with purple, green, and gold,
 The mountains, woods, and dales ;
 What lovely scenes does Spring unfold,
 What harmony prevails !

But ah ! beneath yon verdant sod
 Thy bosom-friend now lies ;
 Thy loved companion on life's road
 Is hidden from thine eyes.

'Tis this that makes thy pathway drear,
 And dims each lovely scene ;
 'Tis this creates thy flowing tear,
 And palls the blue serene.

Cease, gentle mourner, cease to grieve,
 The Saviour knows thy fears,
 And He can all thy wants relieve,
 And wipe away thy tears.

May Christian Hope thy bosom cheer
 While in this vale beneath,
 And in a nobler, brighter sphere,
 Bloom an immortal wreath !

Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP, to thee, my humble muse
 Would dedicate a lay,
 Though tears of grief my eyes suffuse,
 And clouds obscure my day.

Fond memory oft recalls to mind
 Those hours for ever fled,
 When thy sweet wreath my heart entwined,
 And balmy fragrance shed.

Amongst thy blossoms, pelting storms
 Sad ravages have made;
 And sorrows still in varied forms
 My couch of rest invade.

On some, kind Providence has shone
 With many a pleasing ray;
 Yet life at best, all freely own,
 Is like an April day.

'Tis mixed with sunshine and with showers,
 And quickly, quickly flies;
 And 'mongst its loveliest, sweetest flowers,
 Some worm insidious lies.

But I will look beyond this scene
 To that divine abode,
 Where no dark cloud can intervene
 To hide the smile of God.

O may I meet in that fair clime
 The friends I dearly love,
 And bow before the throne sublime
 Of Him who reigns above.

There tears of grief are wiped away,
 And no fond hearts will sever;
 But heaven's bright sun pour endless day,
 And friendship bloom for ever.

To a Lady on her Birthday.

11TH JUNE, 1861.

LADY! I wish you sweet returns
 Of this your natal day,
 And richer joys and brighter scenes
 Than poets can portray:

The joys of perfect purity,
 The joys of perfect love,
 And scenes of radiant beauty
 In fairer worlds above.

How sweet the marriage union,
 How strong the marriage tie,
 When hallowed by religion,
 And hopes beyond the sky.

But O ! what language can express,
 Or tongue of angel tell,
 "The vast, mysterious happiness,"
 Where sainted spirits dwell.

Surrounded by a sea of light,
 The city in the skies,
 Methinks I see its turrets bright
 In peerless grandeur rise.

Its walls are built of precious stones,
 Most dazzling to behold;
 Its watchers are the holy ones,
 Its streets are paved with gold.

It needs no silver moon by night,
 Nor sun with golden ray—
 God is its everlasting light,
 Its never-ending day.

O ! may I meet your husband there,
 And your loved offspring too,
 And you arrayed in "milk-white robes,"
 The Saviour's face to view.

A Birth-day Poem,

9TH NOVEMBER, 1863.

YOUNG LADY! no fabulous muse I implore
 To aid me a beautiful wreath to entwine;
 Like the reverend sages and good men of yore,
 Inspiration I seek at a holier shrine.

May Jesus, whose fiat to Nature gave birth,
 Who fixed the bright sun in his luminous sphere,
 Who created the moon and the stars and the earth—
 Be your guardian and guide through each circling year

As life is a vapour, and youth but a flower
 That blooms for awhile, shedding sweetest perfume—
 Improve the fleet moments of Time's golden dower,
 That a halo of beauty may circle your tomb.

How bright are the charms which the spirit adorn
 Of those who the "pathway to heaven" pursue;
 In the evening shade, as at roseate morn,
 Still sweet is their fragrance, still lovely their hue.

More fair than the lily, more sweet than the rose,
 Are filial piety, kindness, and love;
 What joy they enkindle, what charms they disclose
 To parents below, and to angels above.

When eyes that are beaming are chilled by the grave,
 When the tongue's gentle melody ceases to flow,
 When the Author of spirit recalls what he gave,
 And forms so endearing are sleeping below ;

May those who rejoiced at the time of your birth,
 And 'shrine in their hearts the loved day and the year,
 After training for Jesus their flowerets on earth,
 Salute them again in a happier sphere.

Stanzas.

"THOU art young, my gentle maiden,"
 And lovely as the flower
 That scents the breeze with sweet perfume,
 Or decks the garden's bower ;
 And thou art good as beautiful,
 And when I look on thee,
 I think upon the damask rose
 That blushes on the tree.

* * * * *

"Thou art young, my gentle maiden,"
 But time incessant flies,
 And human life is frail and brief ;
 But in yon crystal skies
 There are robes of snowy whiteness,
 And wreaths of fadeless light,
 And every form of beauty,
 And fountains of delight.

And there are harps of shining gold,
 And there are poets too,
 Who chant with sweetest melody
 A theme for ever new;
 And there Death's icy hand no more
 Can kindred minds dissever,
 But Friendship's lovely blooming wreath
 Will fragrant be for ever.

That blissful world by faith I view
 Across life's narrow sea,
 More smiling, gay, and beautiful
 Than Eden e'er could be;
 Its sun of glory never sets,
 Its skies are always clear;
 It is a world unstained with sin,
 Unsullied with a tear.

May He whose power created
 That radiant world on high,
 Whose eye of love ne'er slumbers,
 Whose ear can list a sigh,
 Be with thee, gentle maiden,
 To guard thy youthful feet,
 Till at the gates of heaven
 Bright forms thy spirit greet !

The Violet.

BEHOLD yon lovely, fragrant flower,
 With form so meek, and hue so bright,
 Worthy to deck the choicest bower,
 Conceals its beauties from the sight.

Its fragrance scents the breath of morn,
 So sweetly bathed in early dew;
 Itself unseen beneath a thorn,
 Till gentle hands expose to view.

Emblem of unobtrusive worth
 That sheds its fragrance in the shade,
 Till some kind hand shall bring it forth
 In all its vernal grace arrayed.

Christian Hope.

HOPE! beautiful star! life's horizon adorning,
 Rich gem of ethereal ray,
 Bedecking the sky of youth's roseate morning,
 Or soothing man's sorrowful day.

Sweet herald of mercy! at thy bright appearing
 The brow of Despair wears a smile;
 In Sorrow's dark dungeon thy radiance, so cheering
 The sad heart of woe doth beguile.

The tear-drop from Sympathy's eye gently flowing,
 Is bright as the dew-drop in May ;
 But Hope! brilliant star! in Faith's eye sweetly glowing
 Is bright as the sun's lucid ray.

Sometimes thou art found in the nobleman's dwelling,
 And with those of imperial state ;
 But oftener found thy radiance revealing
 To the poor at the rich man's gate.

Thou art dear to him on straw-pallet reclining,
 Who knows that his "record 's on high,"
 And sweet is thy solace when health is declining,
 And Death's solemn hour draws nigh.

Having shed thy soft radiance over life's dreary way,
 And illumined the valley of Death,
 Thou wilt sink in the splendours of heavenly day,
 Or sparkle in Glory's bright wreath.

On the Deity.

CANST thou behold the lily of the vale,
 The humble daisy bathed in pearly dews,
 The purple violet and the cowslip pale,
 The blushing rose or tulip's splendid hues ;

And not adore the Omnipotent above,
 Whose pencil tints the floweret with its dyes ;
 And not the great Creator fear and love,
 Who formed the earth and arched the crystal skies?

The sun—majestic ruler of the day,
 The stars that sparkle in the robe of night,
 The silver moon with soft and placid ray,
 The morning star that glows with peerless light ;

The fiery comet which pale fear excites,
 The blazing meteor rushing through the air,
 The coruscations of the northern lights,
 The bellowing thunder and the lightning's glare ;

The towering eagle—sacred bird of old,
 The stately swan with plumes of snowy white,
 The gaudy finch with wings of burnished gold,
 The tuneful lark, and wakeful bird of night ;

The warlike steed that scorns the glittering spear,
 The kingly lion with his dreadful roar,
 The beauteous giraffe, and the sportive deer,
 The spotted leopard, and the tusky boar ;

The useful dog, sagacious, swift, or bold,
 The patient camel, doomed to thirst and toil,
 The fur-clad animals inured to cold,
 And those which tread a rich, luxuriant soil ;

The scaly monsters of the briny wave,
 The insects sporting in the solar ray,
 The weak and delicate, the strong and brave,
 Creatures which deserts haunt or forests stray ;

The limpid stream, the rock, the verdant plain,
 The tempest's rage, the gentle breeze, the sea,
 Yea, all within Creation's wide domain
 Proclaim a wise, benignant Deity.

To Infidels.

YE who revile but not refute,
 Who sink the man beneath the brute,
 And Revelation scorn;
 Who praise the lamp but hoot the sun,
 And trifle till life's thread be spun—
 Your prospects how forlorn!

The mightiest minds, from age to age,
 Have searched the Bible's hallowed page,
 Its lofty claims to try;
 And those who searched with humble prayer,
 Have seen men's fancies, light as air,
 Before its radiance fly.

Sir Isaac Newton's giant mind
 No flaw in this bright fane could find,
 Nor Chalmers, Scotia's pride:

Firmer than Atlas still it stands,
 The hope of this and other lands,
 Though dashed by Error's tide.

'Tis not for want of proofs divine
 That infidels look on this shrine,
 And curl their lips in scorn;
 Its precepts pure their lives condemn,
 And hence they wish to shroud a gem
 More bright than orient morn.

Let Science, with her eagle eye,
 Track yonder brilliant orbs on high,
 Formed by a hand divine;
 Or dive into the depths below,
 And geologically show
 The strata of each mine.

But human science ne'er can scan
 The mighty truths revealed to man,
 'Tis not dim Reason's place;
 She cannot fully earth explore,
 Nor with her finite pinions soar
 Through half the fields of space.

He that believes, the witness hath
 Within himself, and this true faith
 Can gild the darkest hour;
 And thousands on the bed of death
 Have nobly with their latest breath
 Borne witness to its power.

O! Infidels, beware, beware!
 To meet the Judge of all prepare,
 Nor dare the scorner's fate;
 See! Mercy stands with angel-form,
 And points you to the coming storm;
 Fly! ere it be too late.

A sacred fount is opened wide,
 Go, plunge beneath the purple tide—
 The vilest sinner may.
 Wash and be clean from every stain,
 And find a balm for every pain;
 'Tis God's appointed way.

But, ah! no balm of hope remains,
 But penal fire and galling chains,
 To those who truth despise;
 Who wilfully exclude the light,
 And walk in sin and error's night,
 Till death unseals their eyes!

Jesus Christ, the Creator and Sustainer of all Things.

“All things were created by Him, and for Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.”—*Col. i. 16, 17.*

THE sun, majestic orb! with beaming ray,
 Pride of the world and monarch of the day;
 The silver moon, fair empress of the night,
 Arrayed in beauty and enthroned in light,

Whose chastened radiance gilds the landscape scene
 While nature slumbers in the deep serene ;
 And stars innumerable as the drops of dew,
 Spangling with glory heaven's ethereal blue ;
 And blazing comets that eccentric rove
 With speed terrific through the fields above ;
 Each fiery wanderer with his flaming robe,
 Perhaps a beauteous habitable globe :
 And could we upwards soar with angel-flight,
 And pass ten thousand thousand worlds of light,
 Myriads on myriads more would then arise
 Sparkling with beauty through the ethereal skies ;
 And if each star a radiant sun be found,
 "With planetary systems circling round,
 "What vast infinitude of worlds may grace,"
 What beings fill illimitable space?
 O'erwhelming thought! Almighty Saviour! Lord!
 All these sprang forth at Thy creative word,
 By Thee subsist, and for Thy glory shine,
 And prove thy attributes to be divine.
 O wondrous power, to weave and deck the sky!
 O boundless love, for guilty man to die !
 O mystery of mysteries! Redeeming love—
 The joy of earth, the song of heaven above—
 Long as the years of vast duration roll,
 Be thou the theme and solace of my soul ;
 And should I travel, Lord, from star to star
 With angel-bands in some ærial car
 The beauties of creation to admire,
 Still shall thy bleeding love my bosom fire.

Faith, Hope, Love.

THE flowers of Spring may wither,
 The bloom of Summer fade,*
 Stern Winter come untimely,
 The birds forsake the shade ;
 The rivers fail, the ocean's tide
 Forget his old decree ;
 But, Lord, in Nature's darkest hour,
 Our *Faith* shall cling to *Thee*.

Obscurity may be our lot,
 Our deeds unknown to fame ;
 A subtle foe with keen delight
 May blot the fairest name ;
 The world may treat us with neglect,
 Our friends may change or flee ;
 But, Lord, in deep Affliction's hour,
 Our *Hope* shall cling to *Thee*.

The noblest works of human skill
 To ruin may be doomed ;
 The rocks may melt, the mountains bow,
 The forests be consumed ;
 The sun may leave his radiant course,
 The moon may cease to be ;
 But, Lord, in Nature's final hour,
 Our *Love* shall cling to *Thee*.

*Bishop Heber.

On the Death of Mr. W. F.

AGED 21 YEARS.

MY dear young Friend, I deeply sigh,
 And bathe my couch with tears,
 But feel an influence from the sky
 That banishes my fears.

The precious blood the Saviour shed,
 That sin might be forgiven,
 Could cleanse thy spirit, ere it fled,
 And make it meet for heaven.

Three years, dear youth, have circled o'er,
 Since first I saw thy face;
 But I shall see thy form no more
 In this my dwelling-place.

Thy cheerful smile and well-known tread
 Have often soothed my heart;
 And now, thou'rt numbered with the dead;
 I feel it much to part.

O! how delightful it will be
 To meet thee near the Throne,
 To adore the Triune Deity,
 Thou loved lamented one.

May sweetest dews and warmest ray
 Lie on thy early grave;
 For Sabbath hours now passed away,
 And all the joy they gave.

On the Death of Miss M. A. H.

29TH MAY, 1857.

How rapid is the flight of time!
 How frail the human form!
 What flowers are blighted in their prime,
 Or scattered by the storm!

A rosebud on its slenderstem
 In radiant beauty bloomed,
 And decked with many a dewy gem,
 The zephyr's breath perfumed.

I sought it at the noontide hour,
 Its gentle head reclined,
 And 'neath the sun's meridian power
 Its peerless beauty pined.

But ere the sun retired to rest,
 Or streaked the western skies,
 The flower his early beams caressed
 In scattered fragments lies.

How often like the rose that shed
 Its odorous perfume,
 Hath youthful beauty bowed her head,
 And sunk into the tomb.

Or, like the tulip in its pride,
 Snapt from its stately stem,
 A graceful one untimely died,
 More valued than a gem.

O! how unlike that radiant sphere
 Where holy spirits dwell;
 No storm, no blight can enter there,
 Their joys what tongue can tell.

No loved one meets untimely doom,
 No sin or grief distains;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And beauty ever reigns.

Bereaved ones! watch, believe, and pray,
 Till Jesus bids you come;
 Then wing your flight to realms of day,
 Your sweet unblighted home.

Sunrise.

REFULGENT Orb! how beauteous to behold
 Thy rising beams tinge mountains as with gold;

The stars retire, night leaves her ebon throne,
 And thou com'st forth majestic and alone ;
 The sprightly lark salutes thy genial ray,
 And sweetly carols up his heaven-bound way ;
 The flowers display their bright enamelled hues,
 The meadows sparkle with the crystal dews,
 The zephyrs fly on balmy wings around,
 And hills and dales with melody resound :
 But when the "Sun of Righteousness" appears,
 And chases from the soul its guilty fears,
 Still lovelier scenes burst forth upon the view,
 All heaven is clad in smiles, all things within are new.

Sonnets.

"Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."—*Job xiv.*, 20.

I.

THE lovely snowdrop, with her vestal form,
 Child of bleak Winter "cradled in the storm,"
 The golden crocus and the cowslip pale,
 The primrose sweet and lily of the vale,
 The stately tulip with its varied hues,
 The silver daisy bathed in pearly dews,
 The damask rose that scents the ambient air,
 The rich carnation and narcissus fair,
 The purple violet and the harebell blue,
 The blushing pink and flowers of every hue,
 And every form that fascinate the eye,
 Or fragrant incense breathe, soon fade and die ;
 Instructive emblems of man's transient day,
 And Death's relentless universal sway !

II.

Sweet is the Morning's fair and blushing cheek,
 And sweet the hawthorn hedges gay ;
 Sweet is the primrose pale and violet meek,
 And sweet the bird of eve's enchanting lay ;
 Sweet is the enamelled mead and verdant hill,
 And sweet the virgin rose and pearly dew ;
 Sweet is the zephyr's breath and murmuring rill,
 And sweet each sylvan shade and rural view,
 Sweet is the queen of night's soft silvery beam,
 As through the grove "the child of Nature strays ;"
 And sweet the glassy lake and flowing stream,
 On which the moon's chaste beam delighted plays ;
 But sweeter far a sense of sin forgiven,
 A peaceful conscience and a smiling heaven !

The Rose.

HAIL, lovely Rose ! with cheeks of crimson hue
 Sparkling with beauty in the morning dew ;
 What matchless tints thy foliage display,
 Pencilled by Him who lit the orb of day.
 How rich thy fragrance, scenting every gale
 More than yon violets or those lilies pale.
 Bloom on, sweet flower, in sunshine and in shade,
 And may no worm thy lovely breast invade,
 Nor ruthless hand attempt to injure thee,
 Or pluck thee rudely from thy parent tree.
 So bright the hues thy silken leaves disclose,
 Thou'rt the Queen of Flowers, sweet blushing Rose ;
 But thou must fade, thy beauties pass away,
 But *Virtue's* graceful charms will ne'er decay !

Amiability.

"WHATE'ER has beauty, worth, or power,
 "Or grace, or lustre, is a flower ;"
 And hence the bards with joy prepare
 Their blooming wreaths to deck the fair.
 Thy modest mien, thy love of truth,
 Combined with all the bloom of youth ;
 Thy feeling heart, thy virtuous pride,
 And many a graceful charm beside,
 Inspire the bard with fervent prayer
 That heaven would take beneath its care
 Thy virgin soul, that thou may'st shine
 In every sphere through grace divine ;
 And when removed from earth below,
 With everlasting beauty glow.

To * * * *

THERE is a flower, intensely dear,
 Thy pages ne'er disclose ;
 Its name is music to the ear,
 'Tis sweeter than the rose.

It is a plant of virtues rare,
 Its worth can ne'er be told,
 More spotless than the lily fair,
 More costly far than gold.

The celebrated Koh-i-noor
 Dug from Golconda's mine,
 Is dross beside this peerless flower,
 Immortal and divine.

Its leaves have power the soul to heal ;
 It soothes in deepest woe ;
 O may thy heart its virtues feel
 While in this vale below.

Then will its name thy tongue employ,
 Thy harp its praises sound ;
 'Twill fill thee with sublimest joy
 While days and years go round.

And when death's cold and withering hand
 Shall chill thy tender frame,
 Thy spirit in a happier land
 Shall sing its deathless fame.

The Anglican Church.

CORRUPTIONS vile of every form,
 Like chaff before the rising storm,
 Will from the Church be driven ;
 And Error's citadel give way,
 And end her proud imperious sway,
 As doomed by righteous heaven.

But let not infidels suppose,
 That Christianity will close
 Her bright and blest career ;
 Or that some system more sublime,
 More suited to the wants of time,
 Will in her place appear.

Church of our country ! hallowed home !
 Where shall we from thy precincts roam
 To find a holier place ?
 Age after age hast thou not stood,
 The asylum of the wise and good,
 The friend of human race ?

Before Augustine Britain trod,
 A Church, a living Church of God,
 Adorned our native isle ;
 And myriads in the realms of light,
 Once in her pale, now robed in white,
 Bask in the Saviour's smile.

Church of our country ! Church of God !
 Shall truths thy martyrs sealed with blood
 Be riven from our heart ?
 The impious sceptic wildly raves—
 We will not to his creed be slaves,
 Nor with the Gospel part.

Salvation for the guilty shines,
 Not in the stars, nor rocks, nor mines,
 Nor in the loveliest flower ;
 It shines in that immortal Book,
 Where penury's meanest child may look,
 And feel its vital power.

What though vile sacrilegious hands,
 And ruthless anti-christian bands,
 Attempt to undermine
 The structure reared by heavenly might ;
 Yet shall each spectre of the night
 Be banished from her shrine.

Some think that on her brow appears
 The wrinkle of declining years—
 Her day of triumph o'er ;
 But like the eagle she will rise,
 And bathe her pinions in the skies,
 More vigorous than before.

Then let the tempest round her howl,
 Let deists laugh, and demons scowl,
 And profligates revile :
 Firmer than Atlas she shall stand,
 The polar star of every land,
 The glory of our isle !

A Poetic Wreath.

TIDESWELL.

WITH classic bards let Greece and Rome
 In lofty numbers shine ;
 Loved Albion and my natal home
 Shall be the theme of mine.

Tideswell ! retired, sequestered spot,
 Thou'rt ever dear to me ;
 And though vicissitude my lot,
 I'll twine a wreath for thee.

In Saxon times, when Alfred reigned,
 The pride of Britain's land,
 The Christian Faith its trophies gained,
 And spread on every hand ;

In thee the Truth was early known,
 And Paganism fled,
 And thou becam'st a Christian town,
 And holy influence shed.

Thy sacred fane majestic stands
 On consecrated ground,
 The work of ancient pious hands
 Whose reliques sleep around.

Within its hallowed precincts lie,
 Of alabaster rare,
 Two sculptured forms that strike the eye,
 A knight and lady fair.

Some think "Sir Thirlstone of the bower"
 And his fair lady gave
 Their wealth to rear thy lofty tower,
 And souls immortal save.

Be this the fact, or be it not,
 They're worthy to be seen,
 'Though their rare virtues be forgot,
 As many more have been.

And other monuments there are
 Of men of noble name ;
 Pursglove's and Meverill's are there—
 Both chronicled by Fame.

And in thy holy burial ground
 My loved forefathers lie ;
 O may my soul at last be found
 With those who gained the sky !

Thy well's mysterious ebb and flow
 Gave thee a name to bear,
 And crystal springs on thee bestow
 A brooklet fresh and clear.

Tideswell ! thou art my natal spot,
 And hence I love thee well ;
 May prosperous days now be the lot
 Of all that in thee dwell !

May'st thou pre-eminently shine
 In wisdom, truth, and grace ;
 And every blessing round thee twine,
 My dear, my native place !

St. Alkmund's New Church,

13TH MAY, 1846.

HAIL, beautiful Fabric ! thy topstone on high
 Has been placed in the sight of our eyes ;
 And while many a bosom was glowing with joy,
 Grateful incense ascended the skies.

Ye venerable fanes of our own native land,
 We love you, admire, and revere ;
 And your number increasing on every hand
 We hail with devotion sincere.

Your architectural style we greatly admire,
 Your symmetry, beauty, and grace ;
 And thee, lofty dome, with thy elegant spire.
 May no tempest or lightning deface.

O ! sweet is "the sound of the church-going bell"

On a Sabbath, in Britain's fair Isle,
As it steals o'er the mind, like a magical spell,
E'en the aspect of grief wears a smile.

May the temple now raised for the service of God
Be filled with his presence and love ;
And when by the people its precincts are trod,
May an unction descend from above.

May its priesthood be clothed with salvation and grace,
And success crown their arduous toil ;
May Protestant truth ne'er be dimmed in the place,
Nor the flock snared with Antichrist's guile.

May generations unborn rise to bless the glad day
When so noble a fabric was reared,
And, trained in the holy and scriptural way,
Be for Heaven's bright temple prepared.

May the generous souls, well deserving of fame,
Who from love to the Saviour have given
Their subscriptions this beautiful structure to frame,
Be blessed with the plaudits of heaven.

And may its Pastor beloved be spared many years
To discharge all its functions divine ;
And glorified saints, when the Saviour appears,
Like stars in his diadem shine !

On St. Michael's Church, Derby;

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1857.

FAREWELL, loved Fane ! the work of ancient time,
 Though unadorned with pinnacles sublime ;
 Fond memory clings to thee, and tears are shed
 O'er mouldering reliques of thy pious dead.
 Six hundred years or more have passed away
 Since first within thy courts men met to pray,
 To chant the praise of their redeeming Lord,
 Or hear from reverend lips God's Holy Word :
 Razed to the ground, another now uprears,
 To brave the pelting storms of future years.

Hail, beauteous Structure ! consecrated shrine !
 Had I but skill, a lovely wreath I'd twine,
 And dedicate to Him whose hallowed name
 Is dearer far than worldly wealth or fame.
 Within thy walls may saving truth be heard,
 The contrite cheered, the sinner's conscience stirred ;
 To youthful minds divine instruction given,
 And weeping saints be soothed with hopes of heaven.
 May all who tread thy courts and bow the knee,
 Worship the Lord in true simplicity ;
 Myriads be taught the way of faith and love,
 And trained for blissful scenes in worlds above.
 Long may'st thou stand, a blessing to the town,
 And great success thy Pastor's labours crown ;

And all whose generous hearts have freely given
 Their contributions to the cause of heaven,
 Delighted hear from the Eternal Throne
 The blissful plaudit of the Judge, "Well done!"

On the New Wesleyan Chapel,

LONDON ROAD, DERBY.

Most respectfully Inscribed to the WESLEYAN MINISTERS of the Derby
 Circuit, and the TRUSTEES of the Chapel.

PSALM cxxii. 7, 8, and 9.

HAIL, WESLEYAN CHURCH! thy Ministers I love,
 And holy teachings cordially approve ;
 May'st thou increase in splendour like the sun,
 In glory brightening till the world is won ;
 And from the centre to the utmost pole,
 One sweet hosanna shall inspire the whole !
 Who can withhold the tribute of his praise,
 To see *Thee* neat, commodious, structures raise,
 And thus devote the wealth thy Lord has given,
 To spread Immortal Truth and people Heaven.
 Had I a Raphael's skill, a Wesley's lyre,
 A cherub's light, a seraph's glowing fire,
 I'd weave a garland for the sacred pile—
 On which I trust Eternal Love will smile,
 And crown with blessings numerous as free,
 And permanent as Immortality.

May he who laid its firm foundation stone*—
 Whose hopes of heaven are built on Christ alone—
 Be spared to see the graceful pile complete,
 And lay his trophies at the Saviour's feet.
 Within its walls may outcast sinners hear
 Those precious truths to thousand thousands dear;
 The contrite feel the Saviour's blood applied,
 And glow with joy, and bless the Crucified;
 The rich and poor, the ignorant and wise,
 The young and old, be trained for purer skies;
 And when the scenes of earth shall pass away,
 Appear in brighter worlds in white array.

Chatsworth.

PALATIAL CHATSWORTH! Wonder of the Peak!
 What bard can sing, what tongue thy praises speak?
 Unrivalled in thy grandeur and renown,
 Thy matchless charms e'en emperors must own;
 Nature and art their varied powers combine,
 And grace and beauty sweetly intertwine
 To make thee what thou art, the loveliest gem
 On Nature's robe, or in art's diadem.
 May he who owns thee, lovely Ducal seat,
 In fairer climes his predecessor meet,

*William Turner, Esq., on the 6th December, 1860.

Whose liberal hand and finely polished mind,
 While in this world, endeared him to mankind;
 And though the tomb his graceful form enshrines,
 A vernal wreath around his memory twines !

2nd November, 1858.

Matlock.

Lines suggested on reading an interesting and beautifully illustrated little volume, entitled "The Matlock Companion and Visitors' Guide," by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A.

"STUPENDOUS MATLOCK," beautiful as grand !
 In thee I trace a wise benignant hand ;
 Thy giant Tor, proud Heights, and Masson show
 The wonders of Omnipotence below.
 Rocks thrown on rocks, by Nature's fingers hurled,
 Add to the scenic grandeur of the world.
 Thy pleasant walks, sweet flowers, and shady trees,
 Thy healing waters, and thy balmy breeze,
 Thy wells petrific, and thy beauteous spars
 Which sparkle in thy caves like brilliant stars,
 And noble Derwent lending charms to thee,
 While flowing on in graceful majesty—
 Form subjects worthy of the sweetest muse,
 Of finest feelings and sublimest views.
 Oh ! had I skill, delightfully I'd twine
 A wreath of beauty worthy scenes like thine.

On the Death of Mrs. Mary Collier,

AUTHORESS OF "POETIC EFFUSIONS," &c. DIED 31ST DECEMBER, 1858.

FAREWELL, my Friend! thy harp is crushed,
Thy voice in song for ever hushed;
And now upon thy mournful bier
I drop the sympathetic tear.

Nor Eulogy's nor Slander's breath
Affect the dull cold ear of Death;
Nor soothe the heart, nor charm the ear,
The voice of Friendship ever dear.

Free pardon and the peace of God
Obtained, we trust, through Jesus' blood,
Thy robes made white, salvation sealed,
Eternal life is now revealed.

And near yon rainbow-cinctured throne,
Where seraphs fall delighted down,
Thou dost to white-robed spirits tell
Thy Saviour hath done all things well.

Sweet Matlock, with her beauties wild,
Impressed thy heart when but a child;
Hence, just before thou didst expire,
Thou swept for her thy sylvan lyre.*

* See Sonnet on "Matlock," on next page.

Matlock.

ENCHANTING MATLOCK ! 'tis a hopeless thing
 For bards to try "thy matchless charms" to sing ;
 Though gifted men so sweetly chant thy praise,
 'Tis far above what language e'er conveys.
 Thy sylvan beauties in their wild extreme
 Were ne'er imagined in a fairy dream ;
 "Thy healing waters," and thy scenes sublime,
 Remind us of some bright ethereal clime.
 There seems a gentle murmuring in thy trees,
 Like angel-whispers floating on the breeze ;
 Despair can never darken thy bright skies,
 For sunny thoughts at every step arise.
 Dear, lovely Matlock ! from the heart's deep core
 We prize thee, and we love thee more and more ;
 As language cannot all our thoughts explain,
 Silent we view thy sweet majestic reign !

Derby.

MARY COLLIER.

Stanzas,

ON VISITING MATLOCK, SATURDAY, 4TH AUGUST, 1860.

LOVELY MATLOCK ! thy scenes enrapture my eye,
 So romantic, so charming and fair ;
 They soothe me with peace, they transport me with joy,
 And banish my sorrow and care.

I linger and gaze on thy rocks and thy trees,
 On thy river, thy walks, and thy vales ;
 How delicious the balm I inhale from thy breeze !
 What pleasure ! what beauty prevails !

How lofty thy Tor ! how transcendently grand !
 How wondrous thy caverns and spars !
 They were formed by that wise and beneficent hand
 That lit the blue concave with stars.

That Being I love, for He knows all my fears,
 And sees and protects me while here ;
 And His gentle soft hand will efface all my tears
 When before His bright throne I appear.

Sweet Matlock ! loved Matlock ! thy beautiful scenes,
 Unrivalled by any on earth,
 To me are enchanting but innocent means
 To endear the sweet land of my birth.

A Birthday Poem.

23RD APRIL, 1865.

IN bower and garden, rich and rare,
 There's many a cherished flower,
 Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flies
 Within the flitting hour.

Not so the friendship of the mind,
 When formed from motives pure ;
 Its beauty and its fragrance too
 Will evermore endure.

The fields again are robed in green,
 The feathered minstrels sing ;
 How beautiful this world of ours,
 How sweet the breath of Spring !

What though ten years have passed away,
 Since I a wreath entwined
 Of flowers to grace thy natal day,
 Sweet emblems of thy mind ;

Those years have left sweet memories,
 That aid me to entwine
 Another birthday wreath, to deck
 That peaceful brow of thine.

Thou lov'st to minister to want,
 And ease the couch of pain ;
 Thou lov'st the cause of Sunday Schools,
 And youthful minds to train.

Thou lov'st to point enquiring ones
 To Jesu's bleeding side,
 And tell them of His wondrous love
 When on the cross He died.

Bright angels watch thee from the skies
 With sympathy sincere;
 And joy when in thy class they see
 The penitential tear.

May He, whose office 'tis to change
 And sanctify the heart,
 Thy labours bless, thy mission seal,
 And saving grace impart.

Time plucks the crown from kingly brows,
 Time crumbles thrones to dust,
 Time scathes the laurel wreaths of Fame,
 And withers gourds we trust.

O may the wishes interwove
 In humble verse by me,
 Be fadeless as the crowns above,
 And one be given to thee.

Too beautiful for poet's rhyme,
 Or angel's tongue to tell,
 The glories of that sinless clime,
 Where sainted Teachers dwell.

Go on, young friend, in that bright path,
 Which, like the morning ray,
 In lustre more and more shall shine,
 Unto the perfect day.

A Bridal Coronal.

WHILE complimentary wishes breathe
Of happiness to-day,
Shall not the friendly poet weave
For thee a cheerful lay.

Young Lady, may your union prove
Most blissful here below,
And end in sweeter joys above,
Pure as the angels know.

Whatever ills the world betide,
Whatever storms descend,
May he who claims thee now his bride,
Be thy unchanging friend.

A kinder heart than thine cannot
Be found beneath the skies;
Then let me twine "Forget-me-not,"
The emblem of sweet ties,

To grace thy bridal coronal
With orange-bloom to-day,
To be a sweet memorial
When years are passed away.

Dependance on God.

At a meeting held in reference to the establishment of schools in the highlands and islands of Scotland, Dr. M'Leod related the following fact:—

"A friend of mine happened to be in a boat by which a poor simple-hearted man from St. Kilda was advancing, for the first time in his life, from his native rock to visit the world; and as he advanced towards the island of Mull, the boatmen commenced telling him the wonders he was soon to see. They asked him about St. Kilda; they questioned him regarding all the peculiarities of that wonderful place, and rallied him not a little on his ignorance of all those great and magnificent things to be seen in Mull. He parried them off for some time with great coolness and good humour; at length, a person in the boat asked him if he ever heard of God in St. Kilda. Immediately he became grave and collected. "To what land do you belong?" said he, "describe it to me." "I," said the other, "come from a place very different to your barren rock; I come from the land of flood and field, the land of wheat and barley, where nature spreads her bounty in abundance and luxuriance before us." "Is that," said the St. Kilda man, "the kind of land you come from? Ah, then, you may forget God, but a St. Kilda man never can. Elevated on his rock, suspended over a precipice, tossed on the wild ocean, he never can forget his God—he hangs continually on his arm."

We know that this world is o'er-ruled by a Power

That is never unjust or unkind,

And the "bow of the promise" that gilds the dark hour,

Is a balm to the desolate mind.

Though friends should forsake and regardless pass by,

Or with coldness and apathy greet,

We will not despond though the tear in our eye

May flow and fall down at our feet.

We will cast all our care on that Being above,

Who wills that we always rejoice;

We will hang on his arm and repose in his love,

And to him lift our tremulous voice.

His ear will incline to the plaints of our woe,
 His smile will console our distress,
 His favour give joy, peace his friendship bestow,
 And the soul with sweet melody bless.

Tribulation, bereavement, adversity, pain,
 If we take them to Jesus in prayer,
 Transmuted to gems will be infinite gain,
 And prepare us His glory to share.

'Tis delightful to think that the friends whom we prize,
 Whom death from our bosoms has riven,
 Will meet us with joy as we enter the skies
 On the beautiful frontiers of heaven.

The Poet.

I LOVE the sweetness of returning Spring,
 The trees that blossom, and the birds that sing;
 I love the vernal grove, the genial gale,
 When life and love reanimate the vale;
 I love the cowslip with its sweet perfume,
 And gaze delighted on the hawthorn bloom;
 I love the landscape with its rustic farms,
 When gay-robed Summer spreads her blooming charms.
 I love the rose that sweetly scents the gale,
 The pink carnation and the lily pale;

I love to see the silver moon arise,
 And walk in brightness up the evening skies ;
 I love to see Aurora brightening spread,
 And tinge the blushing cloud with morning red ;
 I love to see the Sun his robes unfold,
 And gild the mountain's top with liquid gold ;
 I love to see the morning mists appear
 When Autumn's golden sceptre rules the year ;
 I view with sacred awe and sweet surprise
 The beauteous Comet blazing in the skies,
 I love to see old Winter sportive throw
 O'er hill and dale his flakes of virgin snow ;
 I love to hear sweet Music's melting strain,
 It charms my ear and thrills through every vein ;
 Pleased I behold a bright Creation rise
 Where pictured canvass glows with living dyes ;
 Nor less I love the photographic art
 Where rays of light such truthful scenes impart ;
 But best I love the Poet's silver lyre
 When hallowed themes his glowing bosom fire.

To Louisa A. Horsfield,

AUTHORESS OF THE "COTTAGE LYRE."

A very interesting volume of Miscellaneous Poems ; edited by the Rev
 R. SMITH. 1861.

GENTLE Muse, I much admire
 The verses of thy COTTAGE LYRE ;
 Thy thoughts are pure, thy language sweet,
 And graceful thy poetic feet.

Sweet the song of Philomel,
 Sweet the lily of the vale,
 Sweet the rose's blushing hue,
 Sweet the bloom of hawthorn too,
 Sweet the honeysuckle bower,
 Sweet the fertilizing shower,
 Sweet the violet's purple hue,
 Sweet the drops of early dew,
 Sweet the whispers of the trees
 To the gentle evening breeze,
 Sweet the music of the sea,
 Sweet the sound of liberty,
 Sweet the chiming of the spheres
 To a classic poet's ears;
 But sweeter far are songs like thine
 To a bruised heart like mine:
 I shall read them o'er and o'er,
 And admire them more and more
 For their sweet simplicity,
 And their glowing piety.

“There's Nothing in Vain.”

LINES ADDRESSED TO

Miss Eliza Cook.

YES, Eliza, we grant there is nothing in vain
 In the sky, in the sea, or on land;
 And though myst'ry envelope, we would not arraign
 The works of the Deity's hand.

The insect that crawls in the dust at our feet,
 The antelope bounding the plain,
 The venomous serpent and nightingale sweet—
 There is nothing created in vain.

The high towering rock and the lonely glen,
 The rivulet and roaring main,
 The ostrich, the eagle, and innocent wren—
 There is nothing created in vain.

The volcano emitting sulphureous flame,
 The hills clad with verdure or grain,
 The animal species, ferocious or tame—
 There is nothing created in vain.

The vile and the lovely, the mean and the grand,
 Have a mission we think is quite plain;
 For nought could proceed from an infinite hand,
 Unuseful, superfluous, or vain.

When creation sprang forth at the fiat of God,
 'T was free from excrescence or stain;
 Surveying his works he pronounced them all good—
 There was nothing created in vain.

“Come, let us make man,” said the Infinite One,
 “In our image, to rule earth and sea;”
 And Adam, resplendent with purity shone
 From sin and from suffering free.

“In the day that thou eatest the fruit of yon tree,”
 Said God, “thou shalt certainly die;”
 The precept was plain, yet in arrogance, we
 Presume to ask Deity why.

But no sooner had sin stained newly-formed man—
 The fountain and head of our race—
 Than briars and thorns fair Creation o’erran,
 And disorder and ruin took place.

The creature to vanity subject became,
 Putridity tainted the air,
 Diseases and Death seized man’s elegant frame,
 And earth became sterile and bare.

Yet traces of beauty are still to be seen;
 For Mercy has visited man,
 And Sorrow and Death have their mission, I ween,
 And are parts of the infinite plan.

“O! could we but see the great meaning of all;
 And what delicate links form the ponderous chain
 What discord appears, we should harmony call,
 And confess the Eternal does nothing in vain.

Verses respectfully inscribed to J. C. Prince,

Author of "Hours with the Muses," "Dreams and Realities," "Poetic Rosary," "Autumn Leaves," &c.

"O THOU who dri'st the mourner's tear!"

Behold a heart opprest,
And let Thy gracious presence cheer,
And give the wounded rest.

Though dark the sky and rude the storm
Around the Poet's cot,
Thy providence can shield his form,
And sanctify his lot.

Thy favoured sons thou dost chastise,
And through the ordeal here
Of anguished hearts and adverse skies,
Train for a brighter sphere.

And ofttimes in this vale of grief
Thou hast Thy power made known,
And interposed for their relief,
And cast oppressors down.

Then let not gloomy thoughts prevail,
To chill the soul with fear ;
For when all human efforts fail,
Almighty Love is near.

Thou didst a table richly spread
 In the lone wilderness,
 And rained from heaven celestial bread,
 Thy chosen tribes to bless.

And while they trod the burning sand,
 Oppressed with sultry beam,
 The granite rock at Thy command
 Poured forth a crystal stream.

By day Thy cloud a covering spread,
 To check the sun's fierce ray ;
 By night Thy radiant pillar led,
 And pointed out their way.

Their hostile foes with rage assailed,
 But Thy right hand did save ;
 And Jordan's stream with terror quailed,
 Disparting wave from wave.

They safely gained the farther shore,
 The mystic ark their guide ;
 And when the wars of Canaan o'er,
 Its fertile fields enjoyed.

Then let us bow to heaven in prayer,
 And plead the promise given,
 And cast on Him our every care
 Who feeds the fowls of heaven.

His word is firmer than the laws
 That bind yon rolling spheres ;
 And He who pleads His people's cause,
 Can wipe away their tears.

The pelting storms will soon be o'er
 Of Time's uncertain sea ;
 O may I meet thee on the shore
 Of bright Eternity !

On reading "Lays of Lowly Life,"

BY RUTH WILLS.

I've read thy "Lays of Lowly Life,"
 Young Maiden, with delight ;
 They're beautiful as stars that grace
 The ebon robe of night.

They're sweet as perfume lilies breathe,
 Or rose buds on the tree ;
 And had I skill, I'd gladly weave
 A coronal for thee.

Thou'st gazed on Nature's ample page,
 And plucked her choicest flowers,
 And Inspiration's volume read
 In meditative hours

All hail ! the Christian Ministry,
 All hail ! the Sunday School,
 Where thou hast sentiments inbibed
 That dignify the soul.

To L. M. Thornton,

Author of "Sacred Poems," "Scorn not the Bard of Humble Worth
 "Postman's Knock," &c., &c.

EMBALMED in the hearts of the good and the wise,
 And enrolled in the annals of Fame,
 And approved by the Lord of the earth and the skies,
 Be thy works, youthful Bard, and thy name.

As thy years shall increase, may thy genius expand,
 And more brilliant become the pure fire
 Enkindled by heaven, and sustained by the hand
 Of thy Maker, Redeemer, and Sire.

And when the bright Sun shall be plucked from the sky,
 And the Moon be dismantled of light ;
 When Creation shall fade, and all Nature shall die,
 And the stars be extinguished in night ;

When the whole of mankind shall their destinies hear,
 From the Judge on his radiant throne ;
 May you with the wise and the good then appear,
 And hear the glad plaudit "Well done."

TO THE AUTHORESS OF

“Poetic Thoughts in Working Hours.”

SWEET POETESS ! meek, modest, and sincere,
 Humble in rank, but eloquent in song ;
 The thoughts that warm the soul, and charm the ear,
 Combined with fancy, to thy verse belong.

What though no flowery wreaths the poets twine,
 Nor titled patron bring thee into fame ;
 The varied beauties of each flowing line
 That gem thy book, will long endear thy name.

Go on, fair Bard ! may Heaven's peculiar care
 Preserve thee from the snares that youth beset ;
 And sweeter flowers than e'er perfumed the air
 Regale thy heart, and bloom beneath thy feet.

Early bereaved of those thou loved so dear,
 And left an Orphan in a world of strife,
 May God thy Father be, and safely steer
 Thy little bark through all the storms of life.

And when thy harp is crushed by death's rude hand,
 O ! may thy spirit soar to realms above,
 And sweep a golden lyre in that bright land
 Where all is stainless purity and love !

“Waiting and Watching for Me.”

“When I look with changed eyes at the house of the blest,
Far out of the reach of the sea,
Will any one stand at the Beautiful Gate,
Waiting and watching for me?”

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.*

O YES! there are spirits now waiting for thee
At the Beautiful Gate of heaven,
Spirits you loved when enshrined in clay,
Who now bask in the beams of eternal day,
Far out of the reach of the ocean's spray
By howling tempests driven.

O yes! there are spirits now waiting for thee
At the Beautiful Gate of heaven,
Whose bosoms you cheered on life's rough road,
Now safely housed in that bright abode;
The city that “flames with the glory of God,”
Where no heart by grief is riven.

O yes! there are spirits now waiting for thee,
Whose sins have been all forgiven,
Now clothed in robes of celestial white,
And decked with crowns so intensely bright,
'That they shine like the sun with his golden light
In the beautiful vault of heaven.

*Authoress of “Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life,” consisting of “Light from the Cross” and other Poems.

O yes! there are spirits now waiting for thee,
 Who long for the prize had striven;
 There are some whom you knew in childhood's glee,
 And some who were hoary-headed like me,
 And some who were poets of high degree,
 At the Beautiful Gate of heaven.

June 4th, 1865.

Stanzas.

I LOVE thee, O Britannia!
 And pray that thou may'st be,
 As good as thou art powerful,
 Great empress of the Sea.

I love thy constitution,
 Thy senators and laws,
 And Her who sways thy sceptre,
 And true religion's cause.

The Bible is the brightest gem
 In fair Victoria's crown,
 The bulwark of her empire,
 The star of its renown.

O may'st thou be united,
 And nought shall injure thee,
 Thy shield is the Almighty,
 Thy rampart is the Sea.

And may the fratricidal war
 That rages in the west,
 Cease at Jehovah's bidding,
 And that great land be blest !

On the Rev. E. Jackson,
 WESLEYAN MINISTER, LEAVING DERBY FOR BOLTON
 ,
 LANCASHIRE, 1862.

SWEET is the breath of eventide,
 When perfumed by the rose ;
 And sweet the crystal rivulet,
 That from the mountain flows.

Sweet is the purple violet
 In hedgerow, grove, or dell ;
 And sweet the graceful jessamine,
 And sweet the lily's bell.

Sweet is the gentle dew that falls
 On leaf or bud or flower ;
 And sweet the smiling of the sun
 After a generous shower.

But, oh ! how sweet the ministry
 Of those we prize and love,
 Clothed with celestial energy,
 Descending from above.

Jackson! thy teaching has been blessed
 And sanctified to me,
 And hence I gratefully inscribe
 This humble lay to thee.

Thy expositions of the truth
 Celestial warmth conveyed;
 Thy language, chaste and beautiful,
 Divine impressions made.

I could have wished thee to have stayed
 A longer period here,
 But Jesus will thy labours own,
 Wherever be thy sphere.

O may a richly jewelled crown
 Be thine at that Great Day,
 When earthly thrones and diadems
 Shall all have passed away.

Though death has from thy bosom torn
 While here a favourite flower,
 Beneath the Saviour's smile it blooms
 In Eden's lovely bower.

May those whom thou hast left now cheer
 Thy path to worlds on high;
 And may the memory of the blest
 Enlink thee to the sky!

To Mrs. T. on her Birthday.

O LADY ! may your natal day
 Be crowned with filial love ;
 And perfumed flowers bestrew your way
 To fairer scenes above.

I wish you blessings, choice and rare,
 For many coming years,
 A bosom undisturbed with care,
 A couch unwet with tears.

When called to leave your native Isle,
 And brave the Atlantic main,
 A tender care o'er shadowed you
 And brought you home again.

May he who won your maiden heart—
 Whose name is ever dear—
 Though called by death so soon to leave
 All that he valued here,

Meet you again in shining robes,
 With more than angel smile,
 To waft you o'er a sea of light,
 To heaven's unclouded isle.

And may your lovely daughters, too,
 Be truly good and wise ;
 Sweet buds of grace matured below,
 To blossom in the skies.

On Miss R. W. T's. Birthday.

How mild is the air on this beautiful morn !
 How sweet are the flowers, how brilliant their hues !
 'Tis the day when the gentle Rebecca was born ;
 May her spirit be bathed with celestial dews.

Though early bereaved of a father by death,
 Her mother survived to watch o'er her with care,
 For that mother and her the poet would breathe
 To Jesus who loves them fond wishes in prayer.

Twenty summers have fled, and Rebecca appears
 A blooming young maid—gentle, modest, and fair :
 May her parent still live for many long years
 To guard her sweet floweret and tend it with care.

To a Young Lady,

ON SEEING HER PHOTOGRAPH.

SWEET Photograph ! I gaze on thee
 With wonder and delight,
 And thank the gentle sunbeam
 For pencilling so bright.

Thou art graceful as the snowdrop—
The herald of the spring,
And lovely as the virgin rose
That scents the zephyr's wing.

And thou art good as beautiful,
From affectation free,
Benignant, kind, and dutiful
To *her* who cherished thee.

I fancy thee a happy bride,
A tender, faithful wife,
Delight of him who shares with thee
The mingled scene of life.

And could a poet's wishes be
Thy lot in future years,
No cloud of grief should shade thy brow,
No sorrow cause thee tears.

But thou should'st have as bright a path
As ever mortal trod,
Crowned with the bliss of Holiness,
The smile and love of God.

On the Sudden Death of a Young Lady,

A BELOVED AND ONLY DAUGHTER, IN HER 15TH YEAR, WHO DIED
19TH APRIL, 1861.

AND is your pensile, fragrant flower,
By Jesu's wise command,
Removed to Eden's lovely bower
To grace the better land?

O shed no tear, nor heave a sigh,
Nor mourn her early doom,
For 'neath a stormless sunny sky
She will for ever bloom.

Before the rainbow-circled throne,
In robes of purest white,
She wears a starry blood-bought crown
Superlatively bright.

How sweet are spring flowers ! how lovely the scene,
When Winter's cold legions are fled,
And the earth is adorned with her mantle of green,
And birds their bright plumage outspread.

But sweeter by far is the land of the blest,
The region of beauty and bloom,
Where the souls of the good are sweetly at rest,
Unchilled by the damps of the tomb !

Stanzas.

THY beautiful one has gone down to the grave,
 Like a rose in its opening blossom,
 No tender attention, no science could save
 The favourite flower of thy bosom.

But there's a bright world of unfading delight,
 Where thy beautiful plant is blooming,
 Far, far from this earth and her withering blight,
 And her skies which so often are glooming.

'Tis soothing to think that the Lord of the sky,
 Whose will is the star of our duty,
 Will send his bright guards to conduct us on high,
 To that region of life and of beauty.

On the Death of Miss Fielding,

AGED 15 YEARS,

Who Died October 11th, 1863. Inscribed to her bereaved Uncle & Aunt

“ SHE faded with the Autumn leaves,
 And sighed her life away,
 When all things fair and beautiful
 Were drooping to decay.

She meekly bowed her gentle head ;
 It was the Father's love
 That took her from the wintry storms
 To cloudless day above.”

The beautiful plant which you tended with care,
 And cherished fond hopes of its fragrance and bloom,
 Like the rose or the lily when chilled by the air,
 Has suddenly faded and sunk to the tomb.

But though the frail form in corruption now lies,
 The spirit that beamed in the beauteous clay,
 Its blossom expands in ethereal skies,
 Untouched by the finger of death or decay.

And when the last trumpet shall peal through creation,
 And pour its deep thunder in Death's icy ear,
 On that day of decision and dread conflagration,
 The form which you loved shall in glory appear.

May the hope of reunion in regions of beauty,
 Which sin cannot wither nor sickness invade,
 Sustain you in conflict and cheer you in duty,
 And gild as with sunbeams e'en Death's gloomy shade

On the Death of Elizabeth,

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MR. MELLOR, AGED 14 YEARS.

YE mourning ones! dry up your tears,
 The maiden is not dead;
 Beyond the starry canopy
 The living spirit fled,

To join the white-robed virgin throng,
 The Church, the Saviour's bride, '
 And the pearly gates of paradise
 For her were opened wide.

What though her cheeks are pale and cold,
 What though pulsations cease,
 And hushed the music of her tongue,
 Her spirit is at peace.
 'Tis only the frail tenement
 That slumbers in the tomb ;
 The soul with all the holy ones,
 Is clad in deathless bloom.

A Birthday Wreath.

22ND OCTOBER, 1863.

YOUNG MAIDEN, I would gladly weave
 A coronal for thee,
 Sweet as the balmy breath of morn,
 Or bloom of orange tree.

But, ah ! the dark funereal yew
 And cypress I have twined
 So recently, that Death's cold dew
 Has tinged the poet's mind.

" Youth is the image of the sky,
 In glassy waters seen ;"
 When only silvery cloudlets fly
 Across the blue serene.

Youth is the image of a flower
 Arrayed in vernal bloom,
Which tiny insects may devour,
 And cause untimely doom.

External beauty, wealth, and fame,
 For which the youthful sigh,
Are transient as a morning dream.
 Or rainbow in the sky.

The merchant-princes of to-day,
 To-morrow may be poor ;
Their costly cargoes swept away,
 For ocean to devour.

The tongue of love may soon be mute,
 The rose and lily fade,
The buds of joy and flowers of hope,
 The sepulchre invade.

With Mary choose the better part,
 The pearl of costly price ;
“ A flower when offered in the bud
 Is no vain sacrifice.”

Stanzas.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO S. D.

COME, gentle Spring ! with vernal showers,
 And genial suns to wake the flowers,
 And make the birds to sing.
 I love to see the crocus rise,
 And violets ope their purple eyes,
 To hail thee, gentle Spring !

Sweet nymph ! since last thy praise I sung,
 Relentless Death his dart has flung,
 And filled our breasts with woe :
 Prince Albert, Consort of our Queen,
 Beloved by all, no more is seen,
 But in the tomb lies low.

O may the Sovereign of the skies,
 The infinitely good and wise,
 Protect our native Isle !
 And may the Sun of Righteousness
 Beam on our Queen in her distress,
 And sooth her with His smile !

But, oh ! there is a sunny isle,
 Illumined with the Saviour's smile,
 Beyond the starry sky ;
 Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
 But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
 And friendship never die.

21st Jan., 1862.

To Mr. and Mrs. H.,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN.

SWEET lovely babe ! and art thou gone,
 Just born to weep and die,
 How soon thy guardian-angel came
 To waft thee to the sky.

Sweet innocent, unconscious babe,
 For whom the Saviour bled,
 At rosy morn thou saw'st the light,
 At eve thy spirit fled.

Infinite Wisdom saw it good
 To call thee to the sky,
 To breathe a purer milder air,
 Where flowerets never die.

Bereaved ones ! do not sigh or weep
 O'er this your first-born son ;
 Rather rejoice—on angel-wings
 To Jesus he is gone.

On the Death of a Young Lady.

1st JANUARY, 1860.

ADIEU ! thou meek and gentle one !
 The golden sands of life are run ;
 Released from earth, thou now canst soar
 Where Death can point his shafts no more.

A spotless robe by thee is worn—
 A beauteous wreath without a thorn ;
 And with the music of the skies,
 Thy hymns of praise to Jesus rise.

O! what a blissful new-born year!
 Though bathed in tears thy friends so dear,
 "A glorious Sabbath" thou wilt spend
 Without satiety, or end.

Farewell, meek flower! thy bloom is gone!
 While yet 'twas day went down thy sun ;
 Nor balmy breeze, nor genial shower,
 Can wake thy form till Time is o'er.

But when yon starry concave rends,
 And Jesus on His throne descends,
 Then shall thy sleeping dust arise,
 To meet Him in the glowing skies.

To Mrs. N.

LADY! how sweet the union
 Of hearts in youth's spring-tide ;
 No doubt you often bless the day
 When you became a bride.
 Sweet too is the remembrance
 Of early virtuous love,
 When earth² was robed with beauty,
 And heaven was clear above.

May you and your loved partner,
While in this vale below,
Enjoy those higher pleasures
That from religion flow.

May Love's bright golden chalice
Be sweetened by His hand,
Who rolls the stars of heaven,
Who formed the sea and land.

To Mr. G.

How sweet are April showers,
How sweet the early dew,
How sweet the hawthorn blossom,
How sweet the rose's hue !

How sweet the breath of morning,
How sweet the voice of song,
How sweet the sound of music
The verdant groves among !

How sweet the human features,
How sweet is childhood's glee,
How sweet the days of infancy,
How sweet a mother's knee !

How sweet the marriage union,
 From jars and discords free ;
 Such happiness, my friend, is thine,
 And may it ever be.

The True Riches.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

AND does the diamond's radiant blaze,
 And ruby's lovely glow,
 For man the lofty poean raise
 And honors gain below ?

And for the sake of shining gold,
 In rocks or burning sands,
 Will numbers vast of young and old
 Leave home for foreign lands ?

But Truth, that gem of price untold,
 That pearl of crowning worth,
 Be scorned by man, or basely sold
 For glittering dust of earth.

The soul that yields to Truth's demands,
 A richer prize pursues
 Than found in California's sands,
 Australia's, or Peru's.

Then search in God's exhaustless mine,
 The scriptures he has given,
 And you will find a gem divine,
 The richest boon of heaven.

ON THE
Death of George Wilkins, Esq.,
 OF DERBY,

Who died 31st July, 1848, aged 76 years.

AND has my highly venerated friend
 Departed hence, his warfare at an end ?
 His pilgrimage and all its perils o'er,
 And shall I see his face on earth no more ?
 But, though exalted to the realms on high,
 Where sin can never stain, nor sorrow sigh,
 Shall not some tribute of the heart be paid—
 Some kind memorial to his sainted shade ?
 In early life, true Wisdom's path he chose,
 And felt its consolations at the close ;
 In youth, in manhood, and in hoary age,
 He searched with fervent prayer the sacred page,
 Its holy doctrines with his heart believed,
 Its promises of grace with joy received,
 Amid the varied scenes of active life
 Where dangers threaten, and where cares are rife ;
 He traced the path by saints and sages trod,
 And consecrated earthly gains to God.
 He felt his heart to all true Christians bound,
 Called by what name, or wheresoever found ;

But though from bigotry his mind was freed,
 He firmly held the essentials of his creed ;
 The house of God he loved with heart sincere,
 Devout and constant his attendance there ;
 His pastor's confidence and love enjoyed—
 Their views congenial and their hearts allied—
 Watchful the one, the other true and kind,
 The chain of friendship round their spirits twined ;
 Hence, when the closing scene of life drew near,
 His soul was calm, his future prospects clear,
 Fixed on a rock, his anchor in the sky,
 'Twas everlasting gain for him to die :
 May those to whom his form was ever dear,
 Enraptured, meet him in that nobler sphere,
 Where sin, and death, and suffering are unknown,
 And cast their crowns before the Saviour's throne.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE

Death of William Turner, Esq.,

Who died 15th November, 1861, aged 90 years.

CELESTIAL MUSE ! my glowing bosom fire,
 And aid my trembling hand to sweep the lyre,
 While Christian sympathy lets fall a tear
 O'er one whose memory will long be dear.
 TURNER is dead ! The messenger has come,
 And borne on angel-wings his spirit home—

That home where his loved *Newton* went before,
 That home where death can separate no more.
 Called to embrace religion in his youth,
 And feel the power of Evangelic truth,
 Nothing could turn him from the narrow way,
 Or lure him in forbidden paths to stray.
 To meet the claims of true benevolence,
 His heart and hand were opened to dispense
 The gains of earth, well knowing in the skies,
 The true believer's richest treasure lies.

Farewell, loved shade ! for heavenly glory meet,
 Thou now canst lay thy crown at Jesu's feet,
 With ransomed myriads sublimely scan
 The ways of Providence and grace to man ;
 Retrace thy steps for more than threescore years,
 Led by the Spirit through this vale of tears,
 Till angel-whispers called thee hence away
 "To mingle in the blaze of endless day !"

O may surviving friends who mourn thy loss,
 Tread in the Saviour's steps, and bear their cross,
 Till freed from earth, secured the glorious prize,
 They breathe ambrosial air and walk the skies.

Stanzas.

WHERE go the righteous when they die,
 To what illustrious sphere,
 To what bright region of the sky,
 O tell, O tell me ! where ?

The sun is silent on the theme,
 The stars give no reply,
 And classic poets fondly dream
 And for Elysium sigh.

Death only can the secret tell,
 And make the shadows flee ;
 But this we know, with Christ to dwell
 Is heaven ! where'er it be.

On the Death of James Wardle, Esq.,

LEEK, STAFFORDSHIRE,

Died July 8th, 1862, aged 84 years and 10 months.

SERVANT OF CHRIST, farewell ! thy work is done,
 Thy warfare ended, and the victory won :
 Sudden, but safe, thy transit to the skies,
 Where hope ne'er withers and where love ne'er dies.
 O had I skill, how gladly would I twine
 A wreath of beauty round thy honored shrine ;
 And by my verse thy bright example spread,
 And teach the living while I praised the dead.
 Benignant, generous, sympathetic, kind,
 Thy piety was light and love combined ;
 Munificent thy gifts, thy motives pure,
 Friend of religion and the Saviour's poor.
 What though the noble works of art decay,
 Proud cities fall, and empires pass away ;
 Thy name to Wesleyans will still be dear,
 And thousands bless thee in a holier sphere.

Stanzas

On hearing of the death of Mr. JOHN SHELTON, of Beeston, who was for more than 40 years a talented, pious, and effective Wesleyan Local Preacher. Died 1861.

ADIEU, beloved Shelton ! thy course is now run,
Thy conflicts are ended, the victory is won ;
To the regions of light thou hast joyfully flown,
And thy head is now decked with a beautiful crown.

How great is the change now the river is crossed,
On which thousands are wrecked and eternally lost ;
Fair spirits have hailed thee to heaven's bright shore,
And the toils and the perils of warfare are o'er.

No sorrow can mingle its gall in thy cup,
Thy faith is now vision, fruition thy hope ;
Thy joys are ecstatic, intense is thy love,
And sweet are the songs which thou chantest above.

Adieu, beloved Shelton ! our converse is o'er
Till we meet on Eternity's beautiful shore,
And join in the anthems that peal through the skies,
Where love is immortal and friendship ne'er dies.

ON THE
Death of Mrs. German.

TO HER BEREAVED HUSBAND, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1864.

AND has thy loved, thy faithful Hannah fled
To the bright realms of permanent delight,
Where countless myriads of the pious dead
Are clad in robes immaculately white ?

Far from this world of toil, and grief, and sin,
Her race of duty and of suffering o'er,
The pearly gates have open'd to let her in,
To join the sainted ones who went before.

Thy painful loss is her immortal gain,
Then heave no sigh nor shed one bitter tear,
For thou, ere long, shalt see her form again,
And share the glories of that better sphere.

Death is the fell-destroyer of our race ;
Nor infant's moans, nor strong parental love,
Nor mental worth, nor charms of heavenly grace,
Nor beauty's tears his icy breast can move.

But oh ! delightful thought ! a day will come—
A day to every Christian mourner dear—
When bursting from the cerements of the tomb,
The dead in Christ in glory shall appear !

The angels on their golden plumes shall bear
The saints of God as from the dust they rise,
And waft them through the circumambient air
To the bright throne erected in the skies.

TRIBUTARY VERSES

To the Memory of a Lady,

WHO DIED JANUARY 24TH, 1862.

“ FRIEND after friend departs—

Who has not lost a friend ? ”

So sang the Sheffield Bard,

O'er whose sweet page we bend ;

Many we knew and loved below

Are gone, who soothed our breasts in woe.

But there's a world above

That knows no parting sigh,

Where friends shall meet again

Beneath a crystal sky ;

Where all is sweet unbroken peace,

And pain is o'er and conflicts cease.

To that immortal clime,

We hope your sister fled,

On pinions swift as light,

To join the sainted dead ;

And that before the throne she stands

With crown and palm-branch in her hands.

O may we meet her there

In beauteous array,

Our warfare at an end,

Our tears all wiped away ;

And strike our harps of burnished gold

To Him whose praise can ne'er be told.

The Journey of the Israelites

FROM

Egypt to Canaan.

TO
ROBERT BIGSBY, L. L. D.,

&c., &c., &c.,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF REPTON," AND OTHER WORKS,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS, WITH PERMISSION, INSCRIBED AS A SLIGHT
BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF RESPECT.

Book I.

O THOU, who didst the Hebrew bards inspire,
Pour from the fount of love the living fire,
And touch my lips Thy praises to rehearse,
And sing Thy wondrous acts in flowing verse.
The theme ! how vast it occupies the lay
Of glowing spirits in the realms of day—
A nation fettered, from a tyrant land
Saved by an outstretched and Almighty hand ;
Through pathless wilds by signs and wonders led,
While forty circling years rolled o'er its head ;
Till brought at length with joyful feet to stand
And eat the fruit of Canaan's fertile land :
Such is the theme my muse attempts to soar,
A theme so sweetly sung by bards before ;
I tremble while I join the tuneful throng,
Though fired with rapture by the lofty song.

O'er Egypt's burning sands see cities rise,
And massive pyramids salute the skies ;
For haughty Pharoah toiling slavery rears
Columns, and fanes, and thrones, and sepulchres,
While from the sultry plains in clouds arise
The prayers of thousands, mingled with their sighs
God hears their prayers, beholds with pitying eye
The seed of Jacob in oppression lie ;

The mother's shriek, the captive's bitter moan,
 Ascend like thunder to His righteous throne,
 And lingering Justice bares His awful hand,
 And shakes with terror Egypt's cruel land.

Moses, whom Providence vouchsafed to save
 By Pharoah's daughter from a watery grave,
 When to avoid the tyrant's stern command,
 In bulrush ark placed by a mother's hand,
 He lay exposed amid the flags of Nile,
 Where lurked the fierce and wily crocodile,
 Watched by a sister's eye, 'twixt hope and fear ;
 Lo ! Egypt's royal maid approaches near
 With princely train, to bathe in Nilus' tide,
 And sees the ark placed by the river's side ;
 She sends her maid to fetch it, then she stoops,
 Her bright plumes wave the rushy lid she opes—
 A lovely infant to her view appears,
 Awakes from sleep and melts her with his tears.

Moses, on whom fair Science brightly shone,
 Adopted by Thermutis for her son—
 His mind well versed in Egypt's vaunted lore,
 Taught stars to read, and nature to explore ;
 Wealth, honor, pleasure led his youth along,
 And tried to lure him with their syren song—
 But spurning all, he felt his spirit rise
 And kindling claim her heaven-born destinies ;
 Affliction chose with God's elect to bear,
 Than Pharoah's regal diadem to wear.

Such was the man whom God's own voice decreed
 The chosen tribes from Egypt's realm to lead,

To break oppression's chain, and set them free,
 To taste the sweets of truth and liberty.
 Such was the man who, by his potent wand,
 Shed pale dismay through Egypt's trembling land.

A cruel master smote a Hebrew slave—
 Moses, by Heaven ordained, the oppressed to save,
 Slew the Egyptian with avenging hand,
 And dug his grave and hid him in the sand,
 Hoping thereby his brethren would discern
 Heaven's kind intent and his high mission learn.
 But when two Hebrews strove the following day,
 And Moses interposed to heal the affray,
 Spurning his aid the aggressor answered thus—
 "Who made thee prince and ruler over us?
 Would'st thou now bend us to thy sovereign will,
 Or with the sword me like the Egyptian kill?"

As danger now impended o'er his head,
 From Pharaoh's face he into Midian fled;
 Twice twenty years he sojourned in the land,
 Ere Israel's rescue from oppression's hand.

In this lone state the world's great birth he sung
 How fair creation at God's fiat sprung;
 The fatal entrance of usurping ill,
 The sad perversion of the human will,
 The lapse of spirits throned in heavenly light,
 And Eden lost through their malignant spite;
 Of gleaming mercy in the hour of need—
 Eden regained through woman's promised seed;
 These to his mind the Omniscient Spirit brought,
 And things unseen by sacred impulse taught:

High Horeb from his cloudy summit heard
 These hallowed themes, long ere the Thracian Bard *
 On Hæmus' banks in potent numbers strove
 A savage nation wisely to improve.

While o'er the desert tending Jethro's flock,
 And drawing near to Horeb's craggy rock,
 A sight resplendent filled him with amaze,
 A bush encircled with a vivid blaze ;
 But what still greater wonder did inspire,
 The bush was unconsumed amidst the fire ;
 Aside he turned to view the wondrous sight,
 When from the centre of the glowing light
 He heard a voice that called him twice by name,
 Then turning towards the bright and lambent flame,
 Obediently he answered—"Here am I."
 "Thy sandals loose," said God, "nor here draw nigh,
 The place whereon thou stand'st is holy ground."
 Again the voice did in his ear resound—
 "I am thy father's God, and I have seen
 The affliction of my people, and am come
 To bring them forth from bondage to a land
 With milk and honey flowing; thou art he
 Whom I will send to Pharoah, to conduct
 From out of Egypt my redeemèd host!"
 Moses, prostrate, with faltering voice replied—
 "Almighty Lord! of what account am I,
 That I to Pharoah's presence should repair
 To do this wondrous thing?" Again the Lord—

* Orpheus.

"I will be with thee, and upon this mount
 Me ye shalt worship when I've brought you out !"
 These gracious words his confidence renewed,
 And thus he ventured to enquire of God—
 "Lord ! when to Israel's children I shall come,
 And shall announce these tidings, should they ask
 'Who is my sender ?' how shall I reply ?"
 Again, from out the fire, he heard a voice
 Distinct and awful—"Say I AM hath sent me ;
 That is my name, and in that name go forth,
 And with the Elders say to Egypt's king—
 'We are the servants of the living God
 And he hath met us ; grant us now to go
 A journey of three days into the desert,
 That we may sacrifice unto the Lord.'
 But, though I send thee, yet well do I know
 The tyrant will refuse to let you go
 Till I have wrought my wonders in his sight,
 And with my plagues the land of Egypt smite."

Moses, invested with the mystic rod,
 And clear credentials from the living God,
 His queries solved, dispelled his modest fears,
 To Israel's tribes his embassy he bears ;
 By Aaron first at Horeb's mountain joined,
 The future ephod to adorn designed ;
 He then proceeds to make God's mandate known
 To haughty Pharoah on the Egyptian throne ;
 But Pharoah's heart was steeled, nor would he hear
 Jehovah's message, or His name revere,

Or give consent to let the Hebrews go.
 Then Aaron waved the potent rod, and lo !
 Ten direful plagues in quick succession came
 To rescue Israel, and the tyrant tame.

Majestic Nile's salubrious fertile flood
 Rolls forth at God's command a sea of blood ;
 The thirsty loathe it, yet for water sigh,
 And countless shoals of scaly tenants die.

A host, innumerable, next of croaking frogs
 Invade proud Memphis from their slimy bogs,
 To every dwelling find their hated way,
 O'er beds by night and over food by day.

This plague removed, another comes, for lo !
 The dust, impregnate, breeds a living foe ;
 Each sultry breeze upbears a vermin cloud,
 And wraps the nation in a loathsome shroud.

When these removed, a numerous host of flies,
 Armed with sharp stings, in every quarter rise,
 Save Goshen's plains ; discriminating grace
 Shields the blest spot, and shelters Israel's race.

This scourge removed, contagion fills the air,
 Sickness and death are wafted everywhere,
 A grievous murrain overspreads the land,
 And Egypt's cattle die at God's command.

Lo ! next, hot ashes from the furnace cast,
 Like mildew scattered by the eastern blast,
 Produce on man and beast a burning sore,
 And magic skill can screen its slaves no more.

Anon, the livid streams of lightning glare,
 Convulsive thunders rend the conscious air,

Fire mixed with hailstones runs along the ground
And hurls destruction all the country round.

Rapacious locusts next assail the land,
Borne on a blast from Ethiopia's strand,
In one dense mass they urge their rapid flight,
Transforming mid-day into gloomy night ;
Destruction marks their fierce, unchecked career,
And meagre famine follows in the rear.

A furious west-wind sweeps these troops away ;
And now thick darkness veils the orb of day,
In Israel's tents alone is daylight found,
While all around three days is gloom profound.

Nine times in desolation's form arrayed,
Jehovah's outstretched arm had been displayed ;
But Pharoah's lips still pour the impious breath,
And now behold unloosed the power of death !

Like some bright meteor down the azure skies,
With awful speed a mighty seraph flies ;
His sword of poisonous exhalations made
Red as the fiery comet's flaming blade,
At midnight passes through the guilty land,
Grasping the deadly falchion in his hand
Deals with a viewless arm the fatal blow,
And lays the blooming hopes of Egypt low !
Soft balmy sleep is chased from every eye,
Throughout the land is heard one doleful cry,
The hysteric shriek, the deep heart-rending groan
Re-echo from the prison to the throne,
From Pharoah's palace to the meanest shed
A house there is not where one is not dead !

In Goshen's land the frowning seraph stayed
 The fiery vengeance of his deathful blade,
 Bent on the sprinkled blood his altered eye,
 And passed the houses of the Hebrews by.
 There fell not one of all that injured race,
 The pascal blood secured them heavenly grace ;
 But the sad scenes of that disastrous night,
 Filled Pharoah and his servants with affright
 Before the morning rose, with pale dismay
 He sent in haste the Hebrew tribes away ;
 And now, behold, a lofty column rise
 And march before them towering to the skies—
 A cloud by day, a flaming pile by night,
 To guide the footsteps of the Hebrews right.
 'Tis not the beacon-fire that wakes from far
 The wandering sons of rapine and of war,
 But the bright symbol of the God of Heaven—
 Pledge of His presence to His people given !

Moses their leader, and the cloud their guide,
 They pass from Succoth to the desert-side ;
 At God's behest towards Migdol bend their way,
 Near Baalzephon o'er against the sea.
 And now, on either hand, vast mountains rise,
 With craggy cliffs and summits in the skies ;
 Before them rolls the sea with swelling tides,
 More formidable than the mountain's sides ;
 Behind them Pharoah comes with steeds and car,
 And thousands harnessed for destructive war.
 Bold wave the plumes, and bright the banners gleam,
 As though they basked in victory's golden beam.

Seized with a panic, see yon trembling crowd,
 Aghast with fear, begin to murmur loud.
 Ungrateful, they forget the potent rod,
 And chide their prophet and reproach their God.
 Away, sad doubts ! rebellious discord hence !
 Follow your guide, and trust Omnipotence !
 Stand still in faith, let every murmur cease,
 The Lord shall fight, and ye shall hold your peace ;
 The foes whose sight to-day have galled you sore,
 O murmuring Hebrews, ye shall see no more.

And now, behold another scene appear,
 Whilst Egypt's hosts press close on Israel's rear,
 The cloudy pillar veers, as with the wind,
 And occupies a station just behind ;
 On Israel's footsteps throws a brilliant light,
 But wraps the Egyptians in the gloom of night !

Now near the deep the prophet takes his stand,
 And stretches forth his rod at God's command,
 When, lo ! obedient to heaven's high decree,
 " Wave parts from wave, and sea rolls back from sea !"
 An east wind blows, and with its arid sweep
 Dries up the bottom of the hoary deep.
 And now the crystal waves of ocean stand,
 Like solid rock, upreared on either hand ;
 Directed by the pillar's lucid ray,
 The hosts of Israel tread the sea-cleft way ;
 The women, children, bleating flocks and kine,
 All safely pass along the deep ravine.

Unawed by signs, untaught by judgments too,
 Pharoah with hardened heart still cries—" Pursue."

Fearless, his warriors rush and spurn the shore,
 And through the yawning surges headlong pour ;
 But ere Aurora her bright eye uncloses,
 The Lord looks from the cloud on Israel's foes,
 And troubles Pharaoh and his numerous host ;
 Who tremble now and give up all for lost.
 Their scythe-armed cars, unwheeled, fall on the ground
 Or heavy drag along the deep profound.
 "Let us now flee," resounds both far and wide,
 "From Israel's face, the Lord is on their side."
 But ah ! it is too late from wrath to fly,
 Their doom is sealed within the gulf to lie ;
 For soon as Israel gains the distant shore,
 The prophet takes his station as before,
 At God's command puts forth his potent rod,
 The sea obeys the mandate of its God ;
 The surging billows, with tremendous roar,
 Loosed from their bonds, with tenfold fury pour ;
 O'erwhelm the tyrant and proud Egypt's might,
 Her steeds, her cars, and thousands armed for fight,
 They struggle, sink, and find a watery grave,
 And glut the hungry monsters of the wave !

And now, saved Israel wakes the tuneful chord,
 Sublime the triumph swells to praise the Lord,
 "Their full applause the deep-mouth clarions raise,
 And virgin timbrels join their softer lays ;
 From thousand altars holy perfumes rise,
 And myriads bow in one vast sacrifice."

MIRIAM'S SONG.

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah hath triumph'd—his people are free !
 Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting ? the Lord hath but
 spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror ! Praise to the Lord !
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword,
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 For the Lord hath looked out of his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free."

Ye heaven-bound saints, let not distress and fear
 Pervade your minds because your path is drear ;
 But let this great and luminous display
 Of heavenly power chase unbelief away.
 Did not the Lord descend with whirlwind speed
 To save his people in the hour of need ?

Did he not whelm beneath the vengeful wave
The martial car, the steed, and warrior brave,
While the same wave, awed by the prophet's wand,
Stood firm as rock, till Israel gained the land ?
And will he not protect you on the road
That leads you to the Paradise of God ?
O yes, he will—then sorrow's night endure,
Truth cannot fail, the promises are sure.
Though now exposed to penury, grief, and scorn,
Ere long will dawn a bright and beauteous morn,
When you shall gain the world of heavenly joy,
Where hostile foe, nor sin, nor grief annoy ;
Where all is perfect peace and pure delight—
Immortal love and everlasting light !

Book II.

REDEEMED, by power divine, from Pharoah's hand,
 The hosts of Israel now exulting stand,
 And view the spoils of Egypt washed ashore,
 And think perchance their griefs and dangers o'er.
 Hope paints the promised land before their eyes,
 Arrayed in Fancy's brightest magic dyes ;
 That land where figs and vines luxuriant grow,
 And milky streams, and honied waters flow.
 But, ah ! scarce had the heaven-delivered race
 Entered the wilderness a little space,
 When parched with thirst and scorched with sultry beam,
 They anxious seek for some refreshing stream.
 At Marah water find, but find in vain,
 It mocks their thirst, and but augments their pain ;
 The fainting host to Moses loudly cry—
 “ What must we drink ? ” and heave the murmuring sigh.
 To Heaven their leader flies, which sends relief—
 Heaven, which can find a balm for every grief—
 A tree of wondrous use and power reveals,
 Whose virtue soon the bitter water heals ;
 The hosts now drink the cool and limpid stream,
 And sorrow flies like morning's fleeting dream.
 To Elim's wells the tribes now wend their way,
 O'er which the verdant palm-trees graceful play ;

Here they encamp, their weary eyelids close,
 And lose their griefs in slumber's soft repose.
 At these salubrious wells how short their stay,
 For long and sad is still the wanderers' way ;
 Onward they march, the pillared cloud in view,
 And through the desert-wilds their course pursue.
 What though the earth refuse to yield them corn,
 And all around is barren and forlorn ;
 What though where'er they cast the tearful eye
 'Tis all one waste of sand, one blaze of sky.
 Though distant far away delicious Nile,
 And Elim's wells no more their woes beguile,
 Does their Almighty Friend and Guardian Power,
 Forsake them in affliction's darkest hour ?
 Ah no ! he hears their cries, beholds their tears,
 And speedily in their behalf appears :
 Celestial manna round the camp he rains,
 And with angelic food bestrews the plains ;
 And balmy eve, upon her dusky wings,
 A feathered cloud, a heaven-sent banquet brings ;
 Their mighty leader lifts his potent wand,
 And smites the solid rock at God's command,
 When, lo ! the waters gush from Horeb's side,
 And o'er the sands the crystal currents glide,
 And wheresoc'er at God's behest they go,
 Those cooling streams still inexhausted flow !
 Bright emblem of that living purple tide
 That gushed in pardons from the Saviour's side ;
 Bright emblem of that smitten rock, whence flow
 Salvation's streams to guilty man below.

More glowing scenes, still mightier works we trace,
 Wrought in the sight of this elected race ;
 See ! Sinai's peak o'er-canopied with clouds,
 While gazing stand innumerable crowds,
 Angelic chariots—twice ten thousand—roll,
 Convulsive thunders shake the stoutest soul ;
 The trumpet sounds in tones exceeding shrill,
 Its peals re-echo loud from hill to hill ;
 From His high seat Jehovah now descends,
 Beneath his feet the starry convex bends,
 His radiant form majestic darkness hides,
 While on the whirlwind's rapid wing he rides ;
 Glows like a furnace, Sinai's groaning womb,
 And shoots red volumes through th' investing gloom.
 Appalling hour ! in which the law was given,
 Writ by the finger of the God of heaven ;
 Foreshadowing the terrors of that day
 When earth, and seas, and skies, shall pass away,
 Probation end, and all mankind appear
 Before His bar their destinies to hear !

And didst thou, Israel, while thick clouds o'erspread,
 And lightnings played round Sinai's mystic head,
 Tremble with awe, overwhelmed with guilty fear,
 Entreat God's awful voice no more to hear ;
 And yet ere forty days had circled round,
 Of vile idolatry be guilty found ;
 Bow to a golden calf thy hands had made,
 And thus beneath God's eye thy soul degrade ?
 Ungrateful race ! Jehovah to disown,
 Though mercy smile or threatening vengeance frown.

O Israel ! though unfaithful to thy God,
 Provoking oft his ire and chastening rod,
 His gracious eye still watched thee, still He spread
 His guardian pinions o'er thy naked head,
 And like the eagle, that her fluttering young
 Sustains upon her outstretched pinions strong,
 Still bare thee on, till in triumphal pride
 Thy sacred banner waved o'er Jordan's tide.

Beloved Britannia ! beauteous sea-girt isle !
 Long crowned and blest with God's peculiar smile !
 Fair Science beams on thee intensely bright,
 And Gospel Truth glows with unrivalled light ;
 The arts are fostered 'neath thy spreading shade,
 And groaning nations seek thy friendly aid ;
 Men of all climes with safety tread thy shores,
 And wealth into thy lap profusely pours ;
 O'er public woe thou heavest the plaintive sigh,
 And wipest the tear from many a downcast eye ;
 Thy sacred heralds go at God's command
 To plant the Tree of Life in every land,
 Nor danger fear, nor suffering, nor loss,
 To teach the saving doctrines of the Cross ;
 Wherever breezes blow, or suns may shine,
 Beneath a polar sky, and at the line
 Their voice is heard—the Holy Scriptures given
 To show benighted man the way to Heaven.
 Illustrious Isle ! how many bards combine
 Their blooming laurels round thy name to twine ;
 Wide o'er the waters is thy proud domain,
 And distant seas bear record of thy reign.

There's much in thee I love, much I admire,
 But more I fear to rouse Jehovah's ire.
 Ah me ! of late how rampant Vice has grown,
 And 'mong the wheat what tares the Fiend has sown !
 Vile Prostitution, blushless, walks the streets,
 And lures the thoughtless to her dark retreats ;
 The drunkard sings and reels at midnight home,
 And robs of rest the peaceful in his dome.
 The holy sabbath—day of sacred rest,
 Which God himself has sanctified and blest —
 Is made the day to drink or roam abroad,
 And travel railway-speed the downward road.
 Heaven warning gives of awful days at hand,
 And canst thou trifle, O my native land ?
 Ye truly good ! like Abraham in his day,
 Plead with the Lord to turn his wrath away !
 Ah ! would ten righteous men have saved a race
 Guilty of crimes too dark for pen to trace,
 Which called aloud for vengeance from on high,
 And brought sulphureous torrents from the sky,
 Overwhelmed five cities in destructive fire,
 And made them beacons of God's righteous ire.
 Who knows but Heaven, in answer to your prayer,
 May loved Britannia still in mercy spare ;
 Though guiltier far, fair Island of the sea,
 " Than Sodom in her day had power to be."
 Behold ! for guilty Israel Moses prayed,
 And, lo ! the threatening arm of vengeance stayed :
 But ah ! that stubborn race, twice twenty years,
 Retraced the wilderness with sighs and tears ;

And scarce an eye once lit with Hope's bright beams,
 Beheld Mount Carmel's palm or Siloa's streams.
 "O Thou ! whose hands the bolted thunder form,
 Whose wings the whirlwind, and whose breath the storm ;"
 Who reign'st supreme o'er all yon worlds above,
 Whose name is Mercy, and whose nature Love ;
 Still shield from ill our lovely Sea-girt Isle,
 And crown her sons with thy benignant smile,
 Preserve her Sabbath pure,* heal all her woes,
 And scatter and confound her secret foes.
 O ! may her rising youth, enlightened, wise,
 Baptized with zeal, and hallowed for the skies,
 The light, the love, the power of Truth display,
 And hasten on the bright Millennial Day !

* "With our Sabbath day, all that is most valuable to us as citizens, and most sacred to us as Christians, stands in jeopardy. View it simply as a day of rest, and the whole medical world will arise to proclaim its beneficial tendencies. View it in its relations to the industrial wealth of kingdoms, and statistical enquiries will attest that six days of labour, followed by the weekly rest, are more productive than a system of continuous toil. View it in its bearings on the stability of commonwealths, and the greatest of modern statesmen, Edmund Burke, will tell you it is inestimable. View it as a bulwark against the inroads of infidelity, and Voltaire, who not only rejected Christianity, but vowed to crush it, will confess he despaired of effecting his object, so long as people assembled every week for religious worship. View it as affecting the prosperity of Christian churches, and all history will point to observance or neglect as the infallible index of spiritual prosperity or decay. View it as contributing to fan the flame of personal piety and to deliver the soul from the gathering mists of earthly feeling, and Wilberforce will hasten to assure you that it was his Sabbath musings which raised his soul, when it was ready to cleave to the dust, and saved him from plunging into the troubled and turbid waves of party-warfare ; and every man of living piety will tell you that it accords with the instincts of his new nature, and that, if God had not given him a Sabbath, he would have prayed for one."

Stanzas

Suggested by reading a passage in Dr. Guthrie's " Gospel in Ezekiel,"
page 416.

"I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it." Ezekiel xxxvi. 36.

THE glorious sun, the jewelled sky,
The lonely glen, the mountain high,
The gentle rill, the roaring sea,
The fragrant flower, the verdant tree,
The craggy rock, the glassy pool,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll,
Yea, all we hear, and all we see,
Whate'er it is, where'er it be,
Proclaims this truth to me, to you—
What God hath said, that God *can* do.

Spring comes, and with her genial breath
Wakes into life the sleeping earth ;
And *Summer* comes in robe of flowers,
And decks our gardens and our bowers ;
And *Autumn* comes in russet hue,
With golden sheaves and fruitage too ;
And *Winter* comes in robe of white,
Though cold to feel, yet pure as light
And each proclaims to me, to you—
All God hath said, that God *will* do.

Stanzas.

1862.

WHILE floating down the tide of years,
The poet will not mourn his lot ;
There is a hand can wipe his tears,
There is a land where grief is not.

A land more beautiful by far
Than Canaan in her palmy days :
A hand that kindled every star,
And gave the sun his golden rays.

Then let the poet trust in God,
Who loves him with a changeless love,
And bow submissive to his rod,
Till called to fairer worlds above.

Let gratitude for kindness shown
Inspire his breast ; and fervent prayer
Ascend like incense to the Throne,
And meet with sweet acceptance there.

Though in the crowded page of time
The record of his name may die,
Be traced in records more sublime
The annals of eternity.

On the Death of Mr. Robert Wrigley,*

WHO DIED

OCTOBER 14, 1825, AGED 69 YEARS.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

“I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven, principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such, at the same time allowing for the excellent nature of grace ; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever ; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love, that shall there be perfected.”

BAXTER.

“If Powers celestial, by divine command—
Who round the throne of the Eternal stand—
To earth-born man their ready visit pay,
To guide and guard him on his heaven-ward way ;
If they disdain not to regard our race,
But pitch their tents around the sons of grace,
Why mayest thou not an angel's charge fulfil,
And though invisible be with me still.”

TREFFRY.

HAIL, Christian friend ! the storms of life are past,
And thou hast gained fair Canaan's coast at last ;
Thy weary head in peaceful slumber lies,
And tears are wiped for ever from thine eyes ;
No foe can wound, no disappointment vex,
No friend can grieve, no providence perplex.
O blissful change ! thou hast the cross laid down
For princely robe and never-fading crown,

* See a short memoir in the Wesleyan Magazine, July, 1826.

We would not wish thee back again, to tread
 The world's wide wilderness with cares o'erspread,
 Again the perils of this life to brave,
 And dip thy feet again in Death's cold wave.
 O depth of Deity ! whose sovereign will
 Educes real good from seeming ill—
 The man who glides o'er life's unruffled way,
 Forgets his God, and so forgets to pray ;
 While rougher paths and darker prospects blend
 To prove the man Jehovah calls His friend.

Say, Power Supreme ! shall those on earth we love,
 Nor feel nor know the intercourse above ?
 Lost the fine link of sweet communion here,
 Shall they forget us in their loftier sphere ?
 Oh, no ! we shall each well-known feature trace,
 Recall their smile, and rush to their embrace,
 And friendships, here refined by Jesu's love,
 Shall be renewed in fairer worlds above.

Stanzas.

I LOVE to think of this *beautiful Globe*,
 As it came from its Maker's hand ;
 How lovely the flowers that deck'd its robe,
 How tranquil the sea and the land.

I love to think of that *beautiful Spot*,
 The seat of the innocent pair ;
 How tender their union, how blissful their lot,
 Till Satan polluted the air.

I love to think of that *beautiful Name*,
 To the Babe of Bethlehem given ;
 Of his bleeding love, and his deathless fame,
 And the star-gemm'd thrones of heaven.

I love to think of that *beautiful Sphere*,
 Where the lov'd and the lost are gone ;
 Who have left this vale of the sigh and tear,
 To dwell with the Infinite One.

I love to think of that *beautiful Throng*,
 Who have passed through the fire and flood ;
 Of their golden harps and their blissful song,
 And the radiant smile of God.

Oh ! when will the hour of departure come,
 When freed from this cumb'ring clay ;
 My spirit shall soar to her *beautiful Home*,
 In the realms of unclouded day.

ON THE
Congregational New Church,

VICTORIA STREET, DERBY,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE REV. HENRY TARRANT

BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE ! sacred fabric, hail !
 Though infidels the Word of God assail,
 May those who shall thy hallow'd precincts tread,
 Glory in Christ as their Immortal Head.

How luminous the truths which He revealed !
 How sweet the blessings, by the Spirit sealed,
 To those who trust in His atoning blood,
 Confess His name, and closely walk with God !
 May He who holds the stars in His right hand,
 Near to the Preacher in the pulpit stand ;
 Divine tranquility with halyon plume,
 Fan the soft ether dropping rich perfume,
 Sweet as the breath of flowers in early spring,
 Which all around delightful odours fling ;
 Celestial dews descend, bright verdure rise,
 Rich plants of grace and trees of paradise.
 Beautiful Structure ! sacred fabric, hail !
 Though infidels the Word of God assail,
 Within thy walls may thousands learn the way
 To the bright regions of eternal day !

An Apology to Mrs. W.

For not writing an artistic Poem on the Bazaar, held in the Lecture Hall,
 on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th instant, in aid of the Congregational
 New Church, now erecting in Victoria Street, Derby.

O ! WOULD some noble bard entwine
 Around your lov'd *Bazaar*,
 A beautiful poetic wreath,
 Bright as the evening star.

Had I artistic lore and skill,
 And Cowper's pleasing style,
 In Fancy's car I'd make a tour,
 And travel many a mile.

I'd pluck each blooming, vernal flower,
 That sweetly scents the air,
 And tastefully a garland weave,
 To deck your *Fancy Fair*.

But Heaven's benignant, beaming smile,
 To crown the whole design,
 Will win it more enduring fame,
 Than any verse of mine.

14th April, 1860.

ON THE OPENING AND DEDICATION
 OF
The New Congregational Church,

VICTORIA STREET, DERBY, 12TH DECEMBER, 1860.

BEAUTIFUL PILE ! complete in every part,
 Thou noble specimen of British art ;
 Had I poetic skill, I'd gladly twine
 A wreath of beauty worthy such a shrine.
 Within thy ballowed walls, may thousands find
 A sovereign balm to heal a wounded mind ;
 Rejoice in Him who shed His precious blood
 To reconcile a guilty world to God,
 And fearless tread the path to Heaven above
 The brighter Temple of Eternal Love.

Though the proud pyramid, and dome of power,
 The princely palace, and embattled tower,
 Time may corrode, or ruthless hands deface,
 And leave a mass of ruins in their place ;
 The truths by Howe, and Watts, and Whitfield taught
 And which such miracles of grace have wrought,
 Will "vital breathe," uninjured by decay,
 And blend their glories with the latter day !

ON THE

Congregational Chapel, London Road, Derby,

IN WHICH AN ELEGANT GALLERY HAD BEEN RECENTLY ERECTED.

BEAUTIFUL FABRIC ! elegant and chaste,
 Convenience blending with artistic taste ;
 If I had David's harp, or Milton's lyre,
 Gray's classic genius and Young's glowing fire,
 I then might chant in numbers sweet and clear,
 To win the heart and charm the listening ear ;
 But how can hands unskilled and frail entwine
 A graceful chaplet worthy such a shrine !

Ambassador of Christ ! distinguished name !
 How high the honor ! how sublime the aim !
 Head of the Church, fulfil a bard's desire,
 Baptize the Pastor of this house with fire ;
 May holy influence on his words attend,
 Thy cross his theme, thy glory be his end ;

Add to his favoured flock souls saved by grace,
 Too numerous for this delightful place—
 Gems once embedded in dark nature's mine,
 Gems polished in his diadem to shine,
 And grace his brows on that momentous day,
 When all terrestrial things shall pass away.

To a Lady.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER

“SHE sleeps in Jesus and is blest,”
 Where tides of pleasure roll,
 Enjoys the Saints' immortal rest,
 The Elysium of the soul.

No chilling winds can ever blow,
 To nip the opening flowers
 That in the heavenly Eden grow,
 And deck its lovely bowers.

Beside the crystal stream that flows
 From God's eternal throne,
 The Tree of Life in beauty grows,
 And sickness is unknown.

The fruit of that immortal tree
 The saints can pluck and eat ;
 No flaming cherub guards they see,
 But smiling seraphs greet.

They bask beneath the radiant smile
 Of God's eternal love,
 Nor fear the Serpent's lurking guile,
 In those bright seats above.

And when the final trumpet sounds,
 And rends the earth and skies,
 From marble vaults and verdant mounds
 The dead in Christ shall rise.

With bodies purer than the light
 That gilds the orient morn,
 And rapid as the lightning's flight,
 On golden plumes be borne.

And in the kingdom of the Lamb,
 Melodious anthems raise ;
 And view unveiled the great " I AM"
 With rapturous amaze.

Then why thy daughter's death bemoan
 With unavailing tears,
 Soon will you meet before the Throne,
 Where her loved form appears.

ON THE OPENING OF THE
New Baptist Chapel,

OSMASTON ROAD, DERBY, APRIL 3, 1862.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO R. PEGG, ESQ., J.P.

Without the influences of the Holy Spirit, edifices the most elegant and commodious, learning the most profound, eloquence the most sublime, zeal the most ardent, labours the most abundant, and sacrifices the most costly, will be utterly unavailable in the conversion of sinners ; but, blessed be God, His influences never were and never will be withheld from those ministers of the cross whom he has called, qualified, and sent ; who retain in their hearts the holy fire of the sanctuary, and whose high ambition is the glory of God and the salvation of men.

WILL God indeed, whose throne is in the sky,
 Where angels worship Him in shining bands,
 Deign to regard a mortal's suppliant cry,
 Or visit temples made with human hands ?

Within these walls may His atoning love,
 Who wept in Bethlehem, on Calvary bled,
 Subdue the sinner's heart, his bosom move,
 And o'er his spirit balmy odours shed.

May those who of their wealth have freely given,
 And those who of their pittance have bestowed
 To rear this splendid pile, all meet in heaven,
 To cast their crowns before the throne of God.

And may the Church of Christ assembling here,
 And their loved pastor cordially agree
 To spread the truth to all within their sphere—
 The truth that makes the contrite sinner free.

Haste, haste, Messiah ! haste the latter day !
 Reveal Thy glory on the verge of time ;
 O'er all the earth Thy righteous sceptre sway,
 Baptize Thy Church with love in every clime.

To the Rev. H. Tarrant,

ON HIS RESIGNING THE PASTORATE OF THE VICTORIA STREET CONGREGA-
 TIONAL CHURCH, DERBY.

HAD I the key that opes the golden doors
 That hide the sacred muse from earthly gaze,
 Sweet Poetry ! I'd visit thy fair bowers,
 And pluck for TARRANT thy immortal bays.

Farewell ! beloved Ambassador of Grace,
 Thy Master calls thee to another sphere ;
 May no dark cloud e'er hide His smiling face,
 But great success attend thy labours there.

In thee the graces of the pastor shine,
 Thy teachings holy, earnest, and sincere ;
 Persuasive eloquence and love combine,
 To win the soul to Christ, and thee endear.

But when thy ministry on earth shall end,
 And thou art called to wear thy blood-bought crown,
 May angels from their thrones of jasper bend,
 While white-robed saints their much loved pastor own.

And when the Son of God, with glory crowned,
 Shall take His seat upon His great white throne,
 And listening worlds that radiant throne surround,
 May'st thou then hear the welcome word—"Well done."

An Effusion,

After hearing the Inaugural Address of the Rev. William Crosbie, at the
 Congregational Church, Victoria Street, Derby, October 2nd, 1864.

HERALD of truth, and minister of grace,
 We hail thy coming to thy present sphere ;
 O ! may Jehovah's presence fill the place,
 And golden fruitage crown thy labours there.

May He who sits enshrined in beams of light,
 Encircled by the bright angelic throng,
 Chase from the sinner's mind the shades of night,
 And tune his heart to love, his voice to song.

We do believe thy mission is divine,
 That thou art called to minister the word ;
 And that, a star of beauty, thou wilt shine
 In the right hand of Jesus Christ our Lord.

O ! may the Church o'er which thou wilt preside
 Be eminent for love and fervent prayer ;
 May true humility extinguish pride,
 And every member Jesu's image bear.

And when the Master calls thee to the sky,
 And thou shalt stand before His radiant throne,
 May He behold thee with benignant eye,
 And place upon thy head a starry crown.

ON THE

Death of an Amiable and Pious Lady.

ADIEU, sainted spirit ! thy course is now run,
 Thy griefs and afflictions are o'er ;
 Thy warfare is past, and the victory won,
 And foes can assault thee no more.

To the regions of light thou hast joyfully flown,
 Where love and sweet harmony reign ;
 And thy head is adorned with a beautiful crown,
 Which will never cause anguish or pain.

Thou treadest the plains of immortal delight,
 Where flowers of amaranth grow,
 And art clothed in a vest of immaculate white,
 Faith cleansed in atonement below.

Thou hast entered the city where holiness dwells ;
 No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
 Its foundations are gems, and its gates they are pearls,
 And its buildings as crystal are clear.

Thou eatest the fruit of the life-giving tree,
 Whose leaves heal the nations of woe,
 And the river of life, like a crystalline sea,
 "Flows on and for ever will flow."

Thou holdest sweet converse with cherubim bright,
 In those radiant mansions above ;
 And with glorified spirits all pure as the light,
 And seraphim glowing with love.

Adieu, then, fair spirit, till we meet thee again,
 Where friendship can never be riven ;
 Till we join in the song of the Lamb that was slain,
 And adore with the myriads of heaven.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE

Memory of the late Mr. John Bowring

"Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
 Remembered loves, and unforgotten friends
 Were recognized again ! Along a mead
 Of bright immensity, I saw them stray ;
 Not anguish-worn, or racked with inward fears,
 But shining in the beauty of the blessed.

* * * * *

No tears, no trials, and no perils known,
 No care-worn hearts, no shattered feelings there ;
 But calm fruition of unfailing bliss :
 All that the beauty of creative thought
 Hath pictured to Devotion's eye, is felt
 Ineffably more beautiful by the blest."

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

BOWRING ! through thee my humble muse would raise
 A monument to free and sovereign grace ;
 Called by that grace, thou didst the call obey,
 And left the broad, and found the narrow way—
 The way that leads to blissful realms above—
 The way of living faith and holy love.
 Thy mind, though “pregnant with celestial fire,”
 Ne’er scanned fair science, nor attuned the lyre :
 Thy glory was the cross, thy bliss to feel
 The Spirit’s witness and enduring seal !
 Strong was thy faith, thy love a constant flame,
 In ardent youth, in hoary age the same ;
 No vile reproach, no suffering could dismay,
 Nor flattery lure, nor error lead astray,
 Happy in God, thy countenance serene,
 No vacillation in thy course was seen ;
 A noble testimony by thee was given
 To perfect love and cloudless peace with heaven.
 The destitute, afflicted, and bereaved,
 Thy Christian visits and relief received,
 And many a fervent prayer arose to heaven
 For those whose hearts with penitence were riven ;
 And when “the Spirit answered to the blood,”
 And told the contrite he was born of God,
 Praise ardent from thy lips spontaneous flowed,
 And joy ecstatic in thy bosom glowed !
 But thou art gone to purer, happier skies ;
 Thy race is run, secured the radiant prize ;
 The battle’s fought, the din of war is o’er,
 And thou art landed on a peaceful shore.

A wreath of starry beauty decks thy brow,
 Thy robes are whiter than the virgin snow,
 And stationed near the bright empyreal Throne,
 Thou view'st unveiled the loved Incarnate One.
 Still memory lingers, and we drop a tear
 O'er worth so genuine, and a friend so dear !

On the Death of a Lady.

HAIL, glorified saint ! the dark river is crossed,
 Near which many shivering stand ;
 Every danger is past, and thou treadest the coast
 Of Immanuel's beautiful land.

For ever set free from this valley of gloom,
 Thy spirit can joyfully roam
Through an Eden of beauty, of sunlight and bloom,
 Thy holy and permanent home.

The cross is laid down for a diadem bright,
 The gift of Immanuel's love ;
 And thy weeds are exchanged for the garments of light
 Which adorn the pure spirits above.

May thine offspring, bereaved of thy counsel and smile,
 When called from this wilderness drear,
 Meet thy glorified form in that bright sunny isle,
 Where the eye is undimm'd with a tear.

Then, weep not, bereaved ones ! perhaps her loved shade
 Your pathway through life may attend,
 To administer comfort when sorrows invade,
 Till the griefs of mortality end.

The Star of Hope.

THERE is a star, a beaming star,
 Adorns earth's changing clime,
 It throws a lustre, bright and far,
 Upon the waves of time.

It is a star of sovereign power,
 To weeping mortals given,
 To soothe in life's perplexing hour,
 And guide their steps to heaven.

It is a star that first arose
 In Eden like a gem,
 But brighter splendours did uncloze
 In humble Bethlehem.

Oh ! 'tis a star that sweetly shines
 'Mid sorrows dark array,
 And with the cypress wreath entwines
 Flowers that ne'er decay.

When earthly joys have died away
 Before the touch of grief,
 It rises then with peerless ray—
 A star for man's relief.

It points him to a lovelier scene
 Undimm'd by tears and sighs,
 Where all is cloudless and serene,
 And deathless all its joys.

Ah ! "bitter were our sojourn here,"
 In this dark vale of woe,
 Did not the star of hope appear,
 To gild life's mournful brow.

Benignant star ! with placid ray
 Soothe Sarah's pensive heart,
 And guide her to the realms of day,
 Where friends will never part.

To a Gentleman and Lady,

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL, THEIR ONLY CHILD, AGED 7 YEARS

SWEET is the breath of morn perfumed with flowers,
 And sweet the songs of birds in leafy bowers ;
 Sweet is the gurgling stream and murm'ring rill,
 And sweet the verdant lawn and sunny hill ;

Sweet is the Sabbath bell, and sweet the hour
 In which Immortal Truth is preached with power ;
 Sweet is the day that manumits the slave,
 But sweeter still when Jesus comes to save.
 But oh ! how sweet when guardian-angels fly,
 To bear a “ sister spirit ” to the sky !
 Then weep not, Christian friends, your budding flower
 Has been transplanted to a heavenly bower
 Far from the chilling blasts of wintry time,
 To bloom for ever in a balmy clime.

On the Death of a Lady,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HER BEREAVED HUSBAND.

DIED 23RD DECEMBER, 1864.

“ NOT with the dead—though dies the flower,
 Its perfume flies to heaven ;
 And spring renews the ruined bower,
 By angry tempests riven.

“ NOT with the dead—although withdrawn
 Like dewdrops from our sight ;
 More radiant than those gems of dawn,
 Are saints enthroned in light.”

There is a region bright and fair—
 A city in the skies ;
 No sickness ever taints the air,
 No clouds of grief arise.

That region is our fatherland,
 That city is our home ;
 Where death can never wave his wand,
 Nor coiling serpent come.

The citizens are robed in white,
 Their harps are shining gold ;
 Their diadems intensely bright,
 Most beauteous to behold.

What is it wakes the golden lyres
 Of seraphim above ?
 What is it every bosom fires,
 But Jesu's dying love ?

Redeeming mercy is the theme
 Of every harp and song :
 The wondrous everlasting scheme
 That saved the ransomed throng.

Fair spirit, hast thou winged thy flight
 To those celestial skies,
 Where there is neither sin, nor night,
 Nor tears, nor bitter sighs ?

O ! may thy husband meet thee there,
 Thou loved departed one ;
 With thee a crown of glory wear,
 And worship at the throne.

An Elegy.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. B. DIED 30TH MARCH, 1863.

TO HER BEREAVED HUSBAND AND NUMEROUS YOUNG FAMILY.

Say, Christian friend, shall I a chaplet weave,
 And bind it round thy sad beclouded brow,
 To stay thy tears, thy throbbing breast relieve,
 And soothe thy heart for her whose form lies low?

Does each sad knell, that tells a soul has fled
 From earth's dark vale to endless bliss or woe,
 Remind thee of thy own lamented dead,
 And force again the bitter tear to flow?

Life is a changeful and a chequered scene,
 Designed for trial, not unmingled joy ;
 Then meet its varied ills with brow serene,
 And not in hopeless grief its hours employ.

This verdant earth, these fair cerulean skies,
 Are all the triumphs of death's ruthless reign ;
 "'Tis but to set, the brightest suns arise ;
 'Tis but to wither, blooms the flowery plain."

Nor spring, nor storms, affect the silent tomb,
 Where those we loved in peaceful slumber lie ;
 Unseen by them, the vernal flowerets bloom ;
 Unheard by them, the tempest rushes by.

“ This is the bud of being—here our view
 Is partial, and contracted, and obscured ;
 Here clouds and darkness roll around, and through
 Life’s weary pilgrimage must be endured.” *

But when from earth the spirit takes its flight,
 And sees “ the better land ” before it lie,
 What scenes of beauty burst upon its sight,
 How wide its vision, how complete its joy !

Such joy, we hope, is thy beloved one’s now ;
 Her robes made white in Jesu’s precious blood,
 A diadem adorns her peaceful brow ;
 O mayest thou meet her near the throne of God.

And may her numerous offspring † left behind,
 Be safely guided through this vale of tears,
 A refuge in the fold of Jesus find,
 Till each before His radiant throne appears.

* The Rev. John Wesley Thomas.

† Eleven children.

A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

To the Memory of Mr. John Cockayne.

Who was a Member of the Wesleyan Church 65 years, and a useful Class Leader and Local Preacher for more than half a century ; Died 14th February, 1865, aged 81 Years. Respectfully inscribed to his bereaved Son and Daughters.

AND has your sire, my venerated friend,
 Crossed Jordan's stream and gained the blissful shore,
 Where earthly toils and earthly conflicts end,
 And pain afflicts and Satan tempts no more ?

Thrice happy saint ! in that immortal clime
 The air is incorrupt, the sky is clear,
 And thou art freed from all the ills of time,
 And sad bereavements of this mortal sphere.

O ! did thy loved ones on heaven's golden strand
 Await thy coming robed in stainless white,
 And angel-guards and angel-harpers stand
 To introduce thee to the realms of light ?

May those to whom thy memory is dear,
 Thy virtues imitate, and meekly tread
 In Jesu's footprints, till in heaven's bright sphere
 They join with ecstasy the sainted dead.

On the Death of Mr. John Richardson

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO W. WILKINS, ESQ.

DISTINGUISHED Friend ! of sterling worth,
 And piety sincere,
 Removed from all the ills of earth,
 To heaven's resplendent sphere :
 We mourn thy death with chastened grief,
 Believing we shall meet
 With shining ranks of saints, around
 The Saviour's radiant seat.

Thy Christian graces here below
 Breathed forth a rich perfume ;
 And now we shed a grateful tear
 Upon thy hallowed tomb.
 'Twill not be long ere we shall join
 Thee in those balmy skies,
 Where tears are sweetly changed to smiles,
 And friendship never dies.

" Made meet through consecrated pain,
 To see the face Divine ;"
 A lofty seat in Paradise,
 Departed saint, is thine :
 But not to human worthiness
 The glory dost thou give,
 But as the boon of bleeding love,
 Thy rich reward receive.

A robe of stainless purity
 Thy ransomed spirit wears,
 A crown of starry brilliancy
 Upon thy head appears.
 When Pastor of a Christian Church
 Thou didst with lustre shine,
 Fidelity and tenderness
 Most gracefully combine.

 May those endeared by tender ties,
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 Repose by faith in Jesu's love,
 And consolation find.
 O pleasing thought! across death's sea
 There is a peaceful shore,
 Where they will meet thine angel-form,
 To separate no more!

On the Death of a Lady.

Nov. 11TH, 1860.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HER BEREAVED DAUGHTERS.

AND art thou gone, my much respected friend,
 Thy conflicts past, thy suff'rings at an end;
 Thy spirit fled to realms of endless day,
 Beyond the solar orb, or milky-way?

How vast the change thy hallowed spirit feels!
 What glorious scenes that spirit-world reveals!
 Scenes of ecstatic joy—too bright for song
 Of earthly poet, or an angel's tongue.

Thy sighs are hushed, thy mourning days are o'er ;
 Thy tears once flowed, but they will flow no more ;
 A flood of glory from the throne sublime,
 Unravels all the mysteries of time.

Washed in Atoning Blood, for heaven made meet,
 Oh ! with what rapture would thy loved ones greet
 Thy radiant form, and sweep their harps of gold
 To Jesu's praise, whose love can ne'er be told.

Now free from grief, temptation, sin, and pain,
 Thy vesture white—unsullied with a stain ;
 How glows thy bosom with celestial fire !
 How sweet the tones of thy immortal lyre !

Oh may thy daughters, ever dear to thee,
 In that bright world thy happy spirit see,
 And joyous meet thee near the empyreal seat,
 To cast their crowns with thee at Jesu's feet.

To Mr. H.

You wish me to entwine a wreath,
 Which shall celestial fragrance breathe,
 O'er your desponding mind ;
 For those whose forms were dear to you—
 Whose hearts were tender, kind, and true,
 Now to the grave consigned.

Sweet spring may come with buds and flowers,
 With genial suns and vernal showers ;
 But not to you will come
 Those graceful forms you loved to see,
 Their spirits are from earth set free,
 And in a brighter home.

Four pledges of your faithful love,
 Have been removed to worlds above,
 To deck a nobler scene ;
 And now in Paradise they bloom,
 Far from the chilly, murky tomb,
 Beneath a sky serene.

Then wipe your tears, suppress your sighs,
 Hallowed affection never dies—
 Its golden links ne'er sever ;
 Tread in the path your loved ones trod,
 And give your heart and life to God,
 That you may love for ever.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF

Mr. Foster's 102nd Birthday,

Nov. 8TH, 1864.

HAIL, hoary pilgrim ! venerable man !
 What changes hast thou seen since life began—
 What vast improvements in this land of ours ;
 Knowledge has spread, and men's inventive powers

Wonders have wrought, to lessen human toil,
 Extend our commerce, and enrich our Isle.
 Statesmen have pleaded, poets sweetly sung,
 To break the ponderous chain oppression hung
 Round Afric's sons, and thou hast lived to see
 Britannia set her injured negroes free.
 What wonders, too, has piety achieved,
 What moral wastes of barrenness relieved,
 What graceful structures reared for praise and prayer,
 That heavenward point, and for that heaven prepare.
 What homes of mercy for the poor and blind,
 What coverts from the storms that vex mankind,
 What noble schools to train our rising youth
 In useful science, and in sacred truth.
 What efforts made to win the erring soul,
 And send the Gospel to the farthest pole.
Foster ! thy life is spared beyond the span,
 The fleeting period of the life of man.
 More than twice fifty years have winged their flight
 Since first thy infant eyes beheld the light.
 But ah ! how brief the longest term of years,
 Compared with God's eternity appears.
 "This is the bud of being"—life's vestibule.
 The body only dies, the conscious soul,
 If saved from sin and washed in Jesu's blood,
 Will bloom for ever 'neath the smile of God ;
 Tread the bright pavement of celestial skies,
 Sparkling with gems of thousand thousand dyes,
 More beautiful, more glorious to behold
 Than Eastern diamonds set in Eastern gold.

O mayest thou, when thy earthly course is run,
Sink to repose like nature's golden sun,
When robed with beauty, in the western skies
He sinks to rest, on other lands to rise.

Russian Aggression on Turkey.

1853.

UNNUMBERED ills the path of life attend ;
Vicissitude is stamped on all below ;
Happy the man who has in Heaven a friend
To shield in danger, and console in woe !

Again Ambition rolls his gory car,
And Russian hordes the Turkish realms invade,
Kindle the torch of European war,
And mount the cannon and unsheath the blade.

Who slips his " war-dogs " in an evil hour,
To add some province to a burthened throne,
May fall before a much inferior power,
And with disgrace be finally o'erthrown.

Proud Autocrat ! we think the day is near
When thou wilt quail before a patriot band,
Who Freedom's standard will with joy uprear,
And wrest the iron sceptre from thy hand !

Though three times twenty millions crouch to thee,
 "Thy look a mandate, and thy word a law,"
 The injured Turk disdains to bend the knee,
 Or shrink before the plunderer of Warsaw!

Imperious Chief! and dost thou think to bind
 The free-born spirit with thy icy chain,
 And rule despotic over half mankind;
 Resistance hopeless, and remonstrance vain?

And must the trumpet bray, the cannon roar,
 And thousands fall to gratify thy pride?
 The earth again be stained with human gore,
 And purple torrents tinge the ocean's tide?

May Heaven defeat thy schemes, Muscovian Czar!
 And lay the crest of thy ambition low,
 Stay the career of thy ensanguined car,
 And bind thee to thy realms of ice and snow!

"Forced by no torture, awed not by the sword,"
 May Turkey soon the world's Redeemer own,
 For ever leave her impious prophet lord,
 And bow to Him who wore the thorny crown!

RENOWNED Britannia! loved parental isle,
 Now forced to draw the sword in deadly war,
 May Heaven still shield thee with her radiant smile,
 And Truth and Freedom be thy guiding star.

Long has thy navy triumphed on the sea,
 Thy troops on land their bravery displayed :
 Long hast thou been the shrine of Liberty,
 The seat of Science and the mart of trade.

Shades of the mighty, the illustrious dead !
 Once benefactors of your age and race,
 Who for your country's freedom fought and bled,
 On history's page your valorous deeds we trace.
 O ! may your sons, like you, resist the foe,
 Who, deaf to honour, justice, reason, right,
 Now seeks a neighbouring state to overthrow
 By fraud, by massacre, and brutal might.

Proud Muscovite ! think not thy giant power
 Can crush Britannia's sons on sea or land ;
 Soon wilt thou bitterly lament the hour
 Thou didst the councils of her peace withstand !
 Nor think the legions of heroic France,
 Now leagued with Britain, e'er will bow the knee,
 Or shrink before thy dark despotic glance,
 That withers all that's manly, good, and free.

A Mother's Dirge.

1866.

My beautiful babes have been called to the sky—
 Twin sisters on earth, but twin seraphs on high ;

The Saviour who loved them hath taken them home,
To shield them from danger and evils to come.

Adieu ! my sweet babes, though no more I shall see
Your beautiful forms till my spirit is free,
And we meet in a region, immortal, sublime,
A beautiful, sinless, and sorrowless clime !

Then let me not murmur, or whisper a sigh ;
Though nature's fond tear may fall down from my eye :
My babes are now happy and free from all pain,
And my loss, though severe, is their infinite gain.

The Mourner.

“Man so weak in strength, so puerile in his vain imaginings; crushed like the moth; ‘fleeing as a shadow;’ ephemeral as the flower which expands its petals to the rising sun, and droops withering and dying at its going down, or the insect that is born to flutter in his beams for a few short hours—this creature, so insignificant, so fragile, so grovelling in his thoughts, intents, and wishes; toiling and striving for that which constantly eludes his grasp, or if attained at length, is accompanied by disappointment—for pleasure brings remorse, and riches flee, or give a thirst insatiable for more : and fame is the idle adulation of mortals dying hourly ; and honor, with its withered wreath enshrined in the tomb, crumbles into dust. Yet this being, so prone to evil, so liable to suffering, so helpless in his misery, so impotent in his dying struggles, contains a *spark*, glimmering in the recesses of his bosom, ceaseless in vitality, unquenchable in death. And when yonder age-enduring mountains have mouldered into nothingness ; when the dust from the crushed ruins of that city shall rise towards the clouds, or be driven by the winds abroad to mingle with its fellow atoms ; when the isolated cliff on which I now recline shall be seen no more—untraceable a vestige to mark the spot where once it stood ; that *spark*—undying, indestructible—shall flame for ever, and burn with one eternal glow. Oh, man ! thoughtless of thy destiny, *what* canst thou give in exchange for thy soul ?”—*The Foolstool, by Mary Thorp, pages 48 and 49 ; a very interesting little volume.*

SPARK of ethereal fire ! immortal mind !
 To speak thy worth what language can I find ?
 Noblest of works created, more divine
 Than all the starry orbs that nightly shine.
 Oh ! what a price to ransom thee was paid,
 When Jesus bowed in death his bleeding head,
 And Calvary echoed with the plaintive cry—
 “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani !”

The gospel formed for man, on man bestows
 A balm remedial for his deepest woes :
 Not poet's lay, nor painter's skilful art,
 Can twine the olive round a bleeding heart ;
 Nor spiey shrub in Araby that grows
 Can give a wounded spirit sweet repose :
 In Jesu's blood alone the balm is found,
 To soothe man's heart and heal its deadly wound.
 O ! what are jewelled crowns and earthly bliss,
 And pride's delusive dreams compared with this !
 This gives a peace the world could ne'er bestow,
 This mingles sweetness in each cup of woe ;
 This yields a joy that brightens all beneath,
 This smooths the pillow on the bed of death ;
 Immortal hopes from Calvary arise—
 “Hopes blooming as the roses of the skies.”

Weep, mourner, weep ! but not like those who weep
 O'er much-loved forms wrapped in eternal sleep ;
 Thy friends shall rise again, in beauty rise,
 Bright as the sun and pure as crystal skies ;
 Body and soul eternal life shall share,
 And meet the King of Glory in the air.

A Birthday Poem.

WHAT garland shall the poet twine
 Around that youthful brow of thine,
 On this thy natal day ?
 Were he to search earth's loveliest bower,
 And pluck the sweetest bud or flower,
 Alas ! 't would soon decay.

O ! then he'll pray that grace divine
 May change that youthful heart of thine,
 And fill with Jesu's love ;
 And may'st thou in this wilderness
 Bear all the fruits of righteousness,
 Till called to heaven above.

There flowers of peerless beauty grow,
 And sweetest odours round them throw,
 Beneath a cloudless sky ;
 There crystal streams of pleasure roll,
 And fill with ecstasy the soul ;
 And friends will never die !

A Bridal Wreath.

SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1860.

AND now the sacred rite is o'er ;
 May heaven its choicest blessings pour
 On your young hearts, and may you prove
 The sweetness of a Saviour's love.

Whate'er your future lot below—
 Or joy or grief, or bliss or woe—
 May Jesus be your bosom friend,
 Till life and all its changes end.

May prayer and praise to him arise,
 Who formed the earth and decked the skies ;
 And may you hold communion sweet
 Before the golden mercy seat.

That seat is sprinkled with His blood,
 And hence He will withhold no good ;
 Whate'er is best He will impart,
 To gild your path or soothe your heart.

Then walk by faith, and live to Him
 Who dwells between the cherubim :
 Life, at its best, is but a day—
 And sweetest flowers will soon decay.

O ! may you meet before the throne,
 To worship the Atoning One ;
 Your parents and relations too
 Join in the song for ever new.

A Bridal Wreath.

SEPTEMBER 7th, 1861.

SHALL not the bard who penned a lay
 To hail fair Emma's natal day,
 Attempt a wreath to twine
 Now Emma stands in graceful pride,
 With her beloved one by her side,
 Her hand with his to join.

O Jesus ! bless the nuptial tie,
 Suppress each fear and hush each sigh,
 And take them 'neath thy care ;
 Their hearts were sweetly joined before,
 And when the sacred rite is o'er,
 Smile on the youthful pair.

May tender sympathy and love—
 Till called to fairer worlds above—
 In both benignant shine ;
 And may their union here below,
 Be stronger felt and sweeter glow,
 And prove itself divine.

My dear young friends, I wish to meet
 You both before the Saviour's seat,
 Where friendship never dies—
 To join with all the white-robed throng,
 In Mercy's sweet melodious song,
 That echoes through the skies.

Stanzas.

Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. J. Millar, Wesleyan Minister, as a small tribute of gratitude for his acceptable and useful ministerial labours in Derby, the last three years. August 21st, 1860.

Lo ! around the throne of God,
 Arrayed in vestures washed in blood,
 A countless host, a shining band,—
 The sainted ones from every land !

Through Tribulation's flood they came,
 Through Persecution's raging flame ;
 But now the scene of suffering's past,
 And they have won the crown at last.

There is no tear-drop in their eye,
 Their gentle bosoms heave no sigh ;
 No perished pleasures they bewail,
 They drink of streams that never fail.

Flowers sweeter far than Eden knew,
 Perfume the air and charm the view ;
 And trees of fadeless beauty there,
 Ambrosial fruit in clusters bear.

And in the starry halls of rest,
 The glittering mansions of the blest,
 Sweet peace and joy their homes have made,
 And love divine his throne has laid.

Oh, do we wish the saints to join,
 In songs mellifluous and divine ?
 And do we long his face to see,
 Who bled and died on Calvary ?

Then we must tread the narrow road
 The holy ones and martyrs trod ;
 “ Wage to the end the glorious strife,
 And win like them a crown of life.”

Blest Saviour ! be our Guide and Friend,
 Till life and all its shadows end ;
 And bring us to those crystal plains,
 Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

Farewell, loved Millar ! may we meet
 Before the emerald throne,
 To cast our crowns at Jesu's feet,
 With ecstasy unknown.

And while eternal cycles move,
 On His perfections gaze,
 And trace the mystery of His love,
 With gratitude and praise.

An Invocation to the Holy Spirit.

Written after hearing the excellent discourses of the Rev. James Finch, the Rev. John Kirk (Superintendent minister), and others, delivered in the Wesleyan Chapel, King-street, Derby, on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th November, 1863.

COME, Divine Celestial Spirit,
 O'er chaotic darkness move :
 Is there not Omnific power
 In Messiah's dying love,
 To subdue the most obdurate
 Of our guilty fallen race,
 To wound the conscience and to cure it,
 And the deepest stains efface ?

Come, then, Blessed Holy Spirit,
 Now a glorious work begin,
 A revival of religion
 Such as we have never seen.
 Let the dead in sin be quickened,
 Let the wandering sheep be found,
 Let the proud and pharisaic
 Now be smitten to the ground.

Let the impious and degraded,
 Crimsoned o'er with guilt and shame,
 Cast away their foul transgressions,
 And believe in Jesu's name :
 Let the slaves of dark Abaddon—
 Groaning 'neath his tyranny—
 Break their ignominious fetters,
 And exult in liberty.

Let the contrite broken-hearted
 Realize forgiving love,
 And the weak but true believer
 Be prepared for joys above !
 May our Institutions prosper,
 May our Church be filled with Thee,
 And a thousand thousand converts
 Crown this year of Jubilee !

Come, O promised Holy Spirit !
 The Church now deeply sighs for Thee ;
 Thou canst raise man's fallen nature,
 Thou canst robe with purity ;
 Thou canst quell the strife of nations,
 Thou canst hush the cannons roar,
 Thou canst tranquilize the passions
 And to amity restore.

Let the Gospel's peaceful banner
 Wave o'er all the heathen world,
 And their dumb and foolish idols
 To the moles and bats be hurled.
 Let the visions of the prophets
 Sweet realities disclose ;
 Deserts, long foretold by sages,
 Bud and blossom as the rose.

From each dark and dismal valley,
 Where the souls of myriads lie,
 Destitute of life and beauty,
 'Neath a cold or burning sky—
 Soon arise a mighty army,
 Quickened by thy vital breath,
 And arrayed with grace and beauty,
 Ornament the Church on earth.

“ Let loved Salem, in her splendour,
 Rear her consecrated towers—
 God, her glory, hope, defender,
 Clothe her wilderness with flowers.”
 Let the wolf and lamb together
 Sweetly pasture on the plain ;
 And o'er all the enlightened nations,
 Jesus, God's Messiah, reign !

To the Wesleyan Ministers,

THE REV. J. KIRK, SUPERINTENDENT MINISTER, AND THE REV. W. BOND,
 ON THEIR LEAVING THE DERBY CIRCUIT, 1864.

“ I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere respect.”—COWPER.

AMBASSADORS of Christ to guilty man ;
 Divinely called to teach the Christian plan,

"In doctrine uncorrupt," in temper mild,
 Firm as a rock, yet gentle as a child ;
 Your zeal was fervent and your language clear,
 None were unblest who came disposed to hear ;
 Some will your mission prove in that great day
 When earthly diadems shall melt away.

The cross of Christ was your delightful theme,
 To bring the soul to him your constant aim ;
 "Behold the Lamb !" in tender strains ye cried,
 "For you He wept and agonised and died.
 What though your sins, as mountains, swell to heaven
 Believe on Him, and feel them all forgiven."
 O wond'rous grace ! O unexampled love !
 O depth unscanned by angel-minds above !
 May He who holds the stars in His right hand*
 Pour out His Spirit on our fatherland,
 In richer measure than when Wesley rose
 To preach the Truth amidst a host of foes.
 Soon may the Gospel to all lands be known,
 And every heart become Messiah's throne.

Farewell ! ye messengers of Truth and Love,
 We hope to meet you both in worlds above,
 In future toils may you delighted see
 Success attend your sacred embassy ;
 And when you're called celestial joys to share,
 May each a sparkling crown of glory wear.

* Rev. ii. 1.

To Mr. and Mrs. G.

ON THE DEATH OF EMMA, THEIR YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,

AGED 19 YEARS.

Go, LOVELY floweret, go !
 Thou canst not quite depart,
 Thy friends who weep below
 Will shrine thee in their heart.
 True love can never die ;
 We ask how can it be ?
 Though shrouded in the sky,
 They still will think of thee.

Where is the Elysian flower
 That charmed your wondering eyes ;
 Cut down by death's dread power,
 Transplanted to the skies.
 See where she smiling stands,
 Arrayed in milk-white vest,
 Amongst the angel bands,
 Decked for the marriage feast.

O'erwhelmed with grateful love,
 She wears celestial bloom
 In Paradise above—
 Far from the noisome tomb.
 She knows the hour will come
 When death will close your eyes,
 And longs to waft your spirits home
 To mansions in the skies.

O! give your hearts to God,
 Sit loose to things below,
 And wash your robes in Jesu's blood,
 And make them white as snow.
 Then will you meet with joy
 Before the starry throne—
 Your tongues in praise employ,
 And wear a blood-bought crown.

The Bible: Is it from God?

STANZAS.

Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. W. COOKE, D.D., the President of
 the Conference of the Methodist New Connexion.

Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the Gospel to my heart.—DR. WATTS.

O, BOOK of books! the Word of Truth!
 Thou art a guiding Star
 To hoary age, and blooming youth;
 And not a fairy car!

Thou bear'st the signature divine
 Of an unerring mind,
 And on thy lucid pages shine
 Glad tidings for mankind.

Thou makest known the "*Sinless One*,"
 Who for the *sinful* died ;
 And show'st the way to Mercy's throne
 Is through His bleeding side.

O, Book of books ! the Word of Truth !
 Thou art a beauteous Star
 To hoary age, and blooming youth ;
 And not a fairy car !

Through Persecution's raging flame,
 And Tribulation's flood,
 Thou art unchangeably the same—
 The stainless Word of God.

Thou laugh'st to scorn the sceptic's frown,*
 And menacing array ;
 But on the humble contrite one,
 Thou smil'st with healing ray.

O, Book of books ! the Word of Truth !
 Thou art a quenchless Star
 To hoary age, and blooming youth ;
 And not a fairy car.

* Isaiah, chap. 37, v. 22.

A Bright Day coming.

REJOICE, ye oppressed, who in solitude weep,
 Though the judgments of God are a fathomless deep ;
 He rides on the whirlwind and governs the storm,
 Protects e'en a sparrow, and cares for a worm ;
 The reed which is bruised He never will break,
 Nor extinguish the flax though its spark be but weak.

A day is at hand when a change shall take place
 In the hearts of mankind, and earth's miseries chase ;
 When the wilderness vast, now so sterile and drear,
 Shall be clothed with rich verdure, and lovely appear ;
 When the myrtle, the fig-tree, and roses shall blow,
 Where the caukering thorn and the thistle now grow.

That day was desired, and its glories foretold
 By patriarchs, prophets, and monarchs of old ;
 The far-distant sight made their bosoms to glow,
 To depict it they ransacked creation below ;
 To paint it ascended the beautiful skies,
 And dipped their bright pencils in heaven's own dyes.

The arm of the Lord, as of old, will awake,
 And put on its strength, and earth terribly shake ;
 Antichrist shall be hurled from his tottering throne,
 And the beast and false prophet completely o'erthrown
 The millions of China be truthful and free—
 Unfettered, unbound, as the waves of the sea !

The systems of Error that spread far and wide,
 Polluting mankind with their pestilent tide,
 Shall be stopped in their dark desolating career,
 And the fruits of the Gospel in beauty appear—
 The sword shall be sheathed and the nations have peace,
 And cruelty, discord, and slavery cease.

The Jews who have long been the outcasts of heaven,
 Persecuted and scorned, and from Palestine driven,
 With weeping shall come to their own fatherland,
 And the Shrine of the Lord on Mount Zion shall stand;
 And the penitent tribes adore as their Head,
 Messiah—the Christ who on Calvary bled.

Where Australia stretches her wonderful land,
 And Africa spreads her rude deserts of sand ;
 Where Orient mountains with diamonds glow,
 And glittering pearls enrich rivers below—
 Evangelical Truth shall be scattered abroad,
 And the Universe beam with the glory of God !

TO H. E., ESQ.

'Tis seldom the critics true genius will praise,
 Till the poet has come to the end of his days ;
 Then virtues which penury shrouded before
 Stand out in their beauty, and thousands adore ;
 Then the incense of eulogy breathes on his name—
 Though no elegant monument stands to his fame.

Think not, ye learned critics, we scorn or despise
 The reproofs and advice of the good and the wise ;
 But poets are tender and sensitive things,
 And gall from your pen often wantonly stings.
 There are some who require a kind word and a smile
 To sweeten their cup and enliven their toil.
 Think of Henry Kirk White, who sank to the tomb,
 Crushed down like a flower in youth's budding bloom ;
 Had the critics Lord Byron with kindness reprov'd,
 Byron might have been saved—and the critics been lov'd ;
 But their sarcasms set his fine genius on fire,
 And brought down on their heads the dark storms of his ire.
 Had Walpole poor Chatterton kindly reprov'd,
 The boy might have lived and his patron been lov'd.
 Touch the heart with soft Pity's or Love's gentle hand,
 Then sweet waters, says Mackay, will gush o'er the land ;
 Imitate the Great Father of Mercy above,
 Dip your pens not in gall, but the fountain of love.

Young poets of Britain, whose motives are pure,
 The rebuffs of the critics with calmness endure ;
 If they lash you with satire, don't fume and revile,
 'Tis better by far than a sycophant smile.
 If they point out your faults, then endeavour to mend—
 Perhaps you may gain a sweet smile in the end ;
 Avoid what is mystic and turgid in rhyme,
 Let your language be simple, your thoughts be sublime ;
 Be prudent, be pious ; with God on your side,
 The pitiless storm you will bravely outride ;
 Make provision while young for the season of age,
 'Then the smile of your conscience your griefs will assuage.

If you act well your part, I most firmly believe,
 The smile of your country you'll kindly receive ;
 But, if not, though unnoticed, uncared for you die,
 The smile of Jehovah awaits you on high !

The Land of my Fathers.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO SIMEON SMITHARD, ESQ.

O LAND of my fathers ! the land of the free !
 The mart of all nations ! the Queen of the sea !
 Thy noble defenders are gallant and brave—

But, alas ! thou art Alcohol's slave.

Slave, slave !

Britannia to drink is a slave ;

“Till death be past,

My love shall last,”

My yearning thy victims to save.

O land of my fathers ! thy hills and thy dales
 Are vocal with song—but what anguish prevails,
 What hearts have been broken, what tears have been shed

O'er loved ones degraded and dead.

Slave, slave ! &c., &c.

O land of my fathers ! I greatly rejoice
 That total abstainers now lift up their voice
 To sweep this sad blight from the nation away,
 That truth may her banner display.

Slave, slave ! &c., &c.

O God of my fathers ! send down from above
 The spirit of unity, wisdom, and love,
 That this glorious cause may the victory gain,
 And the demon of drink be slain.
 Slave, slave !
 Britannia will not be a slave ;
 “ Till death be past,
 My love shall last,”
 And tread upon Alcohol’s grave.

The Rose that will never Decay.

’Tis not when our hopes are arrayed in bright hues,
 That the magic of true love is known ;
 ’Tis not when the sun of prosperity glows,
 That the fervour of love is best shown.
 But when a dark cloud overspreads all the sky,
 And our sun is eclipsed with the gloom,
 When our sycophant friends have bid us good-bye,
 And Affection’s soft hand wipes the tear from our eye,
 That the sweet rose of love is in bloom.

Love is not a meteor that sparkles awhile,
 That bewilders and leads us astray ;
 That raises our hopes with a treacherous smile,
 Then frowns, turns aside, and away.

'Tis stronger than death, and as pure as the light
That flows from the bright orb of day—
'Tis the star of our morning, the moon of our night,
An iris in sorrow, unspeakably bright,
And a rose that will never decay.

A Tribute of Affection,

On the Death of

Mrs. Martha Eyre.

BORN MARCH 3RD, 1756.
DIED FEBRUARY 7TH, 1844.

HAIL, happy Mother! now the storm is o'er,
And thou art landed on a peaceful shore ;
Thy conflict's past, thy race of life is run,
And not a cloud obscured thy setting sun.
Thy faith is now transformed to perfect sight,
Thy hopes are all absorbed in sweet delight,
Thy fervent prayers are turned to songs of praise,
Thy harp is tuned to heaven's immortal lays,
Thy joys, unmingled, shall unceasing flow,
And pangs of sorrow thou shalt never know ;
Thy deathless spirit, clothed in spotless white,
Shall swiftly range the fields of heavenly light,
Survey the splendours of the Empyrean Throne,
And cast at Jesus' feet thy starry crown—
Whilst those who loved thee in this vale below,
Are left to struggle with the waves of woe.
May He, whose sovereign mandate can control
And make the surging billows cease to roll,
Calm the fierce tempest, bid the thunders cease,
And guide them safely to the port of peace!
And when the mighty seraph's trump shall sound,
Pierce the dark caverns, cleave the solid ground,
Strike off the wheels of time, the dead awake,
The living change, earth to its centre shake,
Arrest the sun, and stop his golden car,
Darken the moon, and quench each brilliant star

When thunders roll and vivid lightnings glare,
 And blazing meteors cut the darkened air ;
 When fierce volcanoes, with terrific roar,
 Their burning lava down the mountains pour ;
 When rocks shall melt, and sheets of glowing fire
 Enwrap the globe and light its funeral pyre ;
 When palaces superb, and temples high,
 And splendid structures tow'ring to the sky,
 Sepulchral vaults, and pyramids of pride,
 Which human greatness and corruption hide,
 Shall sink in ruin 'midst the general flame,
 Nor leave a vestige of their site or name—
 Then shall be seen the Babe in Bethlehem born,
 The Man of Sorrows, poverty, and scorn—
 Whose sacred wounds poured forth a purple tide,
 When on the hill of Calvary He died
 To save rebellious man from galling chains,
 A deathless worm, and everlasting pains !

Methinks I see Him now in glory come
 To judge mankind and seal their final doom—
 High on a great white throne, and streaming wide
 Refulgent glories from His wounded side,
 "Stars on His robes in beauteous order meet,"
 And suns and rainbows glow beneath His feet ;
 While on His temples, once entwined with thorn,
 The diadem of Godhead now is worn !
 Around Him stand in close and bright array,
 Cherubic hosts, His mandates to obey,
 His saints to gather, and before Him place
 The countless millions of the human race !

Methinks I see them bending from the skies,
 To greet the saints as from their graves they rise,
 And swiftly on their golden pinions bear
 The child of sorrow and the man of prayer.
 Oh ! how illustrious now the righteous shine,
 In robes resplendent, washed in blood divine,
 Refined from earth, their bodies purer far
 Than azure firmament or morning star ;
 Rapid as thought, quick as the darting ray,
 And more effulgent than the orb of day.
 Are these the forms beside whose mournful bier
 Affection dropt her sad but silent tear ?
 Now on their cheeks immortal roses bloom,
 Oh ! what a triumph o'er the ghastly tomb !
 Death—wrapt in chains, his deadly quiver spent,
 His sceptre broken, and his bow unbent—
 In writhing anguish at the throne he lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

But oh ! how different do the wicked rise
 To meet the Judge whose glory fills the skies.
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll,
 And tell the guilty horrors of the soul ;
 Fain would they hide them in the silent grave,
 Or plunge again beneath the briny wave ;
 Just like the solitary bird of night,
 That seeks a covert from the morning light—
 Would they shrink back to hell's impervious gloom
 Nor meet the Judge, nor hear their final doom.
 But 'tis in vain—dragged from their noisome cell,
 Where putrefaction and corruption dwell,

In trembling crowds before the throne they're driven,
To face the thunders of indignant Heaven.

“Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance—
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse,
Nor man nor angel moves. The Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky.
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays—
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise—
In solemn form the rituals are prepared,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard,
And thou, my soul, oh ! give thyself to prayer,
And let the thought sink deep—shalt thou be there ?”

So sang the Muse* who fearlessly could soar
Where only Milton gained renown before ;
Who spread before the mind's prospective eye
The scenes of Judgment in a rainbow dye.

Now every action, word, and secret thought,
Are into strict and solemn judgment brought ;
No vice concealed, no virtuous action done
In dreary solitude, but now are known ;
As, with a sunbeam, all is brought to light,
Which darkness curtained from the human sight.

Now the rich worldling, with his heart of steel,
The sword of justice shall severely feel :
Whom tears scarce melted, or compassion moved,
So close he grasped his wealth—the god he loved.
His riches, cankered now in judgment dire,
Torment his soul and eat his flesh as fire.

“ But those whose pious bounty, unconfined,
 Made them a general blessing to mankind,
 Whose zeal was warm to succour the distressed,
 And lift the burden from the heart oppressed ;”
 Who felt for misery, wiped the orphan’s tear,
 Relieved the widow, calmed her boding fear,
 The naked clothed, the hungry kindly fed,
 Soothed the afflicted, watched the dying bed,
 Dived into dungeons, where in anguish pined
 The wretched culprit, outcast of mankind,
 Rattling this chain, anticipating soon
 To stand his trial, and to hear his doom ;
 Him they instructed in his darksome cell,
 And wept and prayed to save his soul from hell.

Now, for their works of Faith and Mercy done
 From love to Him who sits upon the throne,
 In whose bright footsteps they delighted trod,
 Nor sought the fame of man, but praise of God ;
 Hear Him address them from His radiant throne,
 With smile benignant—“ Faithful souls, Well done !
 Enter my kingdom, wear this blood-bought crown
 Gemm’d with the souls my grace through you hath won. ’

Now heaven’s bright gates with crystal glory burn,
 And sweetly on their golden hinges turn
 To admit the children of Jehovah’s love,
 To take possession of their thrones above,
 To gaze enraptured on His clondless face,
 And tune their harps to His redeeming grace ;
 To trace the wonders of creative power,
 And all the miracles of love adore ;

To view unravelled Providence's plan,
Which puzzled and perplexed short-sighted man ;
To visit worlds that now unnumbered lie,
And sparkle through the blue ethereal sky ;
With seraph's wing to skim unbounded space,
And fill the universe with songs of praise.

But oh ! I shudder to describe the fate
Of those, who, reckless of a future state,
Rejected mercy, scorned redemption's plan,
Nor feared a God, nor sympathised with man ;
Who, 'midst the brightness of a gospel day,
Shut from their souls its life-restoring ray,
Whose anxious care was to increase their wealth,
Add house to house, and hoard their golden pelf ;
And if they gave a pittance of their store
To ease the miseries of the starving poor,
'Twas not because they loved the Saviour's name,
But that the tongue of man might sound their fame.
Now stript of all by the devouring fire,
They stand exposed to God's eternal ire,
And from the presence of the Judge are driven,
For ever closed the pearly gates of heaven.
On them are poured the vials of His wrath,
Whose lips have doomed them to eternal death.

“Such is the scene—and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares : I tremble as I write,
The whole creation swims before my sight.
I see, I see, the Judge's awful brow !
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it now.”

TO THE

Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, K.G.,**FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.**

DERBY, 7TH AUGUST, 1865.

MY LORD,—

Your patriotic and enlightened views
Have long endeared you to the grateful muse,
Who scorns to flatter, but delights to praise
Where merit shines with such distinguished rays,
Your country loves you, and will guard your fame,
And shrine within her breast your honoured name.
Exalted rank and goodness when combined
With true benignity to human-kind,
And sympathy for those in deep distress,
Angels must love, and God himself will bless.
Temples may moulder, marble shrines decay,
Thrones sink to dust, and empires pass away,
But deeds of Mercy, acts of Christian Love,
Will meet with due reward in worlds above ;
And through eternity illustrious shine,
And deck with beauty coronets divine.

The Author received £50 out of the Queen's Royal Bounty, at the recommendation of his Lordship, in 1864.

The Land of the Blest.

SWEET Canaan which Moses from Pisgah surveyed,
 With vines and with pomegranates blest,
 Which palm trees and olives and cedars displayed
 Was of all lands the fairest and best,
 Yet Canaan with verdure and beauty arrayed,
 Is excelled by the Land of the Blest.

Bright elysian fields classic poets have feigned,
 And with gorgeous imagery drest,
 Where sages and heroes their wishes attained,
 And the virtuous found pleasure and rest,
 Yet how mean the elysium, by poetry feigned,
 Compared with the Land of the Blest.

Even Eden itself, so unspeakably fair,
 Where nature was robed in her best,
 The paradisaean abode of the innocent pair
 Who every enjoyment possest,
 That garden of beauty beyond all compare
 Is excelled by the Land of the Blest.

The beautiful types which the Scriptures employ
 To depict the saint's heavenly rest,
 Though lofty and grand, without taint or alloy,
 The purest, the noblest, and best,
 Do not fully describe the bright realms of the sky,
 The Land of the Holy and Blest.

Ye great ones of earth, let not riches beguile
Your souls of this glorious rest ;
Ye suffering righteous, endure for awhile
The woes that now torture your breast ;
Soon, soon will you bask 'neath the Deity's smile,
In the Land of the Holy and Blest.

Ye loved ones, who twined round the tremulous heart,
Now laid in earth's bosom to rest,
Though Time's lenient hand, which oft soothes Sorrow's smart
Cannot heal the deep wound in our breast,
We shall meet you again, where we never shall part,
In the beautiful Land of the Blest.

Errata.

Page 3, line 4, for "all the gems that are rare," read "all gems that are rare."

Page 11, line 10, for "He grasp," read "He grasps."

Page 17, line 11, for "the immortal," read "immortal."

Page 18, line 12, for "became the couch," read "become the couch."

Page 46, line 5, for "his right hand," read "His right hand."

Page 47, line 13, for "Esteemed, their preachers," read "Esteemed their preachers."

Page 83, line 11, for "dark prey," read "foul prey."

Page 107, line 2, for "And sweet the hawthorn," read "And sweet the bloom of."

